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L E T T E R S,

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B Y

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

INCLUDING

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXXII.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE letters here offered to the public require no other recommendation than the subjects which they discuss, and the names of their authors. Curiosity is never more awakened, and never more gratified, than by such an epistolary intercourse: sages and poets long deceased there seem revived and present to our view: we are admitted into the closets and confidence of the great and good, we imagine ourselves their friends and correspondents. Cicero pleading in the forum, and Cicero corresponding with Atticus, appear, it must be owned, in very different lights; but few will be at a loss to discover in which character he deserves the preference, in which character we are most likely to hear his true and genuine sentiments.

To the account given of Mr. Hughes, in the memoirs prefixed to his works, it may be proper to add the following remarks on his character and writings, annexed by Dr. Campbell to his accurate life of this writer in the *Biographia Britannica* :

“ Mr. John Hughes was more sollicitous to  
 “ deserve fame than ambitious to enjoy it. He  
 “ was by nature addicted to study, and with a  
 “ great genius had a vast fund of diligence, an  
 “ exquisite taste, a correct judgment ; but with  
 “ all these qualities, was modest, and even diffi-  
 “ dent, to a surprising degree ; which hindered  
 “ him from collecting or publishing many valu-  
 “ able pieces of poetry, and some of prose. How  
 “ well he was acquainted with the ancients,  
 “ and how proper a use he made of that ac-  
 “ quaintance, appears from his translations  
 “ and imitations of Orpheus, Tyrtæus, Pin-  
 “ dar, Anacreon, and Euripides, amongst the  
 “ Greeks ; as well as of Horace, Ovid, Lucan,  
 “ and Claudian, amongst the Romans. This  
 “ did not, however, prejudice him against the  
 “ moderns: he translated also from the French ;  
 “ and



“ and his ‘Birth of the Rose,’ from a writer  
 “ of that country, is not the least beautiful  
 “ piece amongst his works. His skill in music,  
 “ which was exquisite, gave him such an ad-  
 “ vantage over other poets, as might, with  
 “ proper encouragement, have carried the  
 “ English opera as high as the Italian. His  
 “ talent for lyric poetry was justly admired,  
 “ and his tragedy of the ‘Siege of Damascus’  
 “ was an instance that pain and sickness could  
 “ not abate the fire of his genius, or hinder  
 “ him from giving marks of it as long as he  
 “ lived. He did not write, at least he did not  
 “ publish, much; but if we consider him as  
 “ an invalid almost through his whole life,  
 “ his avocations on account of business, and  
 “ that he was but forty-two when he ceased to  
 “ live, and also call to mind how correct every  
 “ thing was that came from him, we must  
 “ retract our assertion, and allow that he  
 “ published a great deal. His character as a  
 “ critic was at least equal to his character as a  
 “ poet, but were both excelled by his character  
 “ as a man and a christian. His religion was  
 “ sincere without severity, his morals strict  
 “ but

“ but not austere, his conversation equally in-  
 “ structive and pleasant. To say all of him he  
 “ deserved would be a hard task. Let it suffice  
 “ then—the man whom the bishop of Win-  
 “ chester honoured as a friend\*, the man whom  
 “ Mr. Addison admired as a poet†, the man  
 “ whose goodness and integrity Mr. Pope had  
 “ in veneration‡, could be no ordinary man.”

To the objection that may be made against  
 publishing letters not intended for the public,  
 an answer shall be given in the words of the  
 editors of Shenstone and Swift. “ This ob-  
 “ jection, though it carries with it an air of  
 “ delicacy, will not hold in all cases, and  
 “ therefore must unavoidably be subject to  
 “ some limitations; these limitations must  
 “ vary, as the circumstances of cases happen to  
 “ vary; and not to make proper allowances  
 “ for such circumstances, is highly unrea-  
 “ sonable; injurious to many who have deserved

\* See letter xl, p. 112.

† See letter xix, p. 67.

‡ See letters xxxii, lxxiv, and lxxvii.

“ well

“ well of the public by this very conduct,  
“ and detrimental to the interests of literature.  
“ It is sufficient to say, that where neither  
“ the reputation of the writer, nor that of any  
“ other person, is injured, there the force of the  
“ objection evidently ceases. And it is believed,  
“ on the most mature deliberation, that this is  
“ the case in the present instance.”

*Preface to Shenstone's letters, p. iv.*

“ It may be presumed, that though the pub-  
“ lication of letters has been censured by some,  
“ yet it is not condemned by the general voice,  
“ since a numerous subscription, in which are  
“ many respectable names, has been lately ob-  
“ tained, for printing other parts of the dean's  
“ epistolary correspondence, by a relation\*,  
“ who professes the utmost veneration for his  
“ memory, and a noble lord† has permitted  
“ Mr. Wilkes [the proprietor] to place this  
“ under his protection.”

*Preface to Swift's letters, p. ix.*

\* Deane Swift, esq;

† Earl Temple.



On the whole, it is hoped that these letters will be deemed no unfuitable addition to those of Swift and Pope, as they serve to throw still farther light on the history of learning, and to illustrate the characters of several of the learned, for near a century past; while at the same time they answer a most important and interesting purpose, by teaching readers of every rank, from the disappointments of some, the infirmities of others, and the deaths of all, to anticipate and realise what probably may and certainly must be their own fate; to look forward to the period of transient life, and to make the best use of those fleeting moments which never can be recalled.

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Mr. Duncombe.

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# ERRATA

Page 1. Line 1. "The first of these" should be "The first of these"  
Page 2. Line 1. "The second of these" should be "The second of these"  
Page 3. Line 1. "The third of these" should be "The third of these"  
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Page 8. Line 1. "The eighth of these" should be "The eighth of these"  
Page 9. Line 1. "The ninth of these" should be "The ninth of these"  
Page 10. Line 1. "The tenth of these" should be "The tenth of these"

Page 11. Line 1. "The eleventh of these" should be "The eleventh of these"  
Page 12. Line 1. "The twelfth of these" should be "The twelfth of these"  
Page 13. Line 1. "The thirteenth of these" should be "The thirteenth of these"  
Page 14. Line 1. "The fourteenth of these" should be "The fourteenth of these"  
Page 15. Line 1. "The fifteenth of these" should be "The fifteenth of these"

## ERRATA.

Page 2, note, l. 10, read "presentation : to"

- 10, l. 15, dele "not"
- 20, l. 2, for " — Smith, esq;" read "Jonathan' Smith, esq;"
- 21, l. 15, for "natural" read "rational"
- 32, l. 6, for "from' him" read "for' him"
- 202, note \*, l. 2, for "1723" read "1732"
- 208, note, l. 11, for "ill-adjudged" read "ill-adjusted"
- 238, l. 14, for *ās* read *äs*
- 246, l. 20, for "desolations" read "devotions"
- 248, l. 15, for *mür* | *mürs* read *mür* | *mürs*

☞ Mr. Andrew Rorer, the writer of letter xii, and a friend of Mr. Handel, was a master of music, and, among other things, composed for John Denham's "version of the psalms."

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# LETTERS, &c.

## LETTER I.

Rev. Mr. THOMAS SWIFT\* to Mr. BENTLEY,  
Bookfeller, in Covent-Garden.

MR. BENTLEY,

Moor-Park†, Feb. 14, 1694-5.

**I**T was all along my design to communicate Sir William Temple's directions to you and your associates, but I was willing to do it so cautiously that you might not publish unless you follow them; for this was the folly of

\* This gentleman was first cousin to the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, being the only son of his uncle Thomas. See Dr. Swift's "Sketch of his own family," published by Mr. Deane Swift, Sect. xv, where this Mr. Thomas Swift is mentioned as being then living, and rector of Puttenham in Surry. And Mr.

B

Swift,



Dunton and his party, that they made a noise with my patron's name, whilst they took a way

Swift, the editor, says, in a note, that " he was a man of learning and abilities, but being bred up, like his father and grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all PURITANICAL SECTARIES, continued rector of Puttenham, without any the least hope of rising in the church, for the space of threescore years, and died in May, 1752, in the 87th year of his age." He must therefore have had that living, (probably by Sir William Temple's interest, it not being far from Moor-Park) about three years before this letter was written, and as it is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's presentation it seems another exception to his relation, Mr. Deane Swift's. " persuasion, that no solicitation was ever made to the crown by one of the name, from the restoration to this day, for any the least favour whatsoever, that was either worth the crown's refusal, or any of the family's acceptance, except, &c." This letter, the original of which, with the post-mark on it, is in the editor's hands, is indorsed " Mr. Swift's (Sir William Temple's chaplain) letter about the History of England." And in a thanksgiving-sermon by this author, styled " Noah's Dove," on Isaiah xi. 13, 14, published in 1710, he has the same title, though Sir William Temple had then been dead several years. It seems surprising that Mr. Deane Swift, and the rest of the Doctor's biographers, should have taken no notice of this other family-connection of the Swifts with Sir William Temple, as it serves to throw still farther light on Dr. Swift's first introduction into Sir William's family, and perhaps may in some measure account for his patron (then retired from the world) neglecting, or not being able, to procure English preferment for more than one of the Swifts, his own chaplain.

clear contrary to his directions, and yet pretended that he writ, when it was I writ to them, for he did not so much as read their letters. I writ these directions to Mr. Simpson, and desired him to endeavour his reception into your number, that you might print his introduction, and join in the common concern. When I was in London a second time, I asked him what was done in it? He said that he had attempted it by a third person, and that he found some of you were averse to it, having

chaplain. It is also remarkable, that though Swift and his cousin were nearly of an age, and must have been inmates together at Moor-Park, yet in all the Dean's works, voluminous as they are, Mr. Thomas Swift's name occurs, we think, but once; viz. in Letter xxxiv of Swift's "journal to Stella," dated Nov. 7, 1711, where he says, alluding to the above-mentioned sermon, "a bookfeller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's, printed last year, and publishes an advertisement, calling it "Dr. Swift's Sermon."—Vol. v, of his Letters, 3d edit. p. 86. It may perhaps be thought that Mr. Thomas Swift was introduced to Sir William by the Dean, and owed his preferment to his recommendation; but as the chaplain was two years older, and was rector of Puttenham in 1692, (the year that his kinsman was admitted at Oxford,) this supposition, though possible, seems scarce probable.

† Near Farnham, Surry, Sir William Temple's seat.

made proceedings already another way. I was once or twice at your shop, but not finding you at home, my own business called me away, and so put a stop to this. But since you seem desirous of these directions, I will give them you as briefly as I can. If you do follow them, I will engage to get you subscriptions by my own acquaintance in these parts, and Sir William Temple's directions, and the goodness of the method, will get you more. If you do not, I shall desire you to keep the directions private, and not to make use of Sir William Temple's name. He is of opinion that the best and readiest way to compile a good General History of England will be to take in all those parts of it which have already been written by any approved and esteemed authors; and to write nothing new besides those parts which have not yet been touched by authors of name and estimation. And he thinks the variety of the several hands and styles may render it yet more agreeable to the readers than if it were all written by the same pen; which would perhaps be a greater undertaking than any man believes, before he engages in such an attempt.

attempt. Therefore he thinks, that, after the end of the introduction, and William the Conqueror's reign, the lives of William Rufus, and the succeeding kings, to the end of Edward III. may be inserted as they are written by Daniel, who is an author of good judgment, and no ill style\*. He thinks he has seen, many years ago, the life of Richard II. written well, and by a good hand, as he was then informed, though published without a name. But this will be your part to inform yourselves; and if it be so, this may succeed after Edward III. The lives of Henry IV. V. and VI. must of necessity be written by a new hand, and will deserve a very good one, since, if well collected and digested, though out of common authors, they will comprise the noblest part of the History of England. After these may succeed the lives of Edward IV. Edward V. and Richard III. written, as he remembers, by Sir Thomas More, if they are still extant. And if so, it will be but justice to his memory to insert them, without any

\* Samuel Daniel, esq; was groom of the privy-chamber to the queen of James II.



alteration, how different soever his style and manner of writing may be from what is in use at present. The same honour will be due to Sir Francis Bacon's Henry VII. which may succeed the other, and be followed by Lord Herbert's Henry VIII. but this ought to be abridged, though it will require a very judicious hand to chuse what part may be left out, without injury to the story. Sir John Haywood's Edward VI. may follow of course, but may likewise bear some abridgment in some parts less necessary.

Queen Mary's life may be drawn out of Hollingshead, who lived near her time, and is more pertinent, or less tedious, in that life than in any of his others. This may be followed by Camden's Elizabeth, which may conclude the first volume of the General History of England\*.

\*The above plan seems in a great measure to have been pursued in Bishop Kennet's "Complete History of England," published (in three volumes folio) in 1706, all the lives above recommended being adopted, with these exceptions only: the history before William the Conqueror is by Milton; that of Richard II. (as well as those of his three successors) is new-written; that of Edward IV.

Thus far Sir William Temple's directions go, and Dunton's society, when they could not take them, because they had not those authors in their own power to print, yet when I was in town, would by no means let me have a copy, unless I would promise never to communicate them to your party. I wish you may make that advantage of them which the others are afraid of, by following their directions. If you do, no man will pretend to equal you, or think by his own labour to surpass so many great authors, who lived near the reigns which they write of, and were some of the wisest, the greatest, or the best acquainted with affairs of any in their own time. But if you pretend to make most of your history *de novo*, it will either take up many years doing, or will prove but a second edition of Sir Richard Baker. Some hand of note will take up the method which you slight, and then a

is by John Habington, esq; the life of Richard III. by George Buck, esq; (together with that by Sir Thomas More) is inserted, and the history of Queen Mary is taken from Bishop Godwin. Excepting the life of James I. by Arthur Wilson, esq; all the subsequent lives are new-written.

mer-

mercenary pen will never bear a second impression. You will find, by the event, that I guess well. I wish you a great deal of success, and shall be willing to see your proposals, if you send any abroad.

I am your friend and servant,

THO. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS\*.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 30, 1696.

**T**HOUGH nothing could be more acceptable to me than your last letter, yet I wish you had employed the former part of it on a better subject, and not in loading me with compli-

\* Afterwards the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. He was at this time resident with his father at Southampton, after having received an academical education at London, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe. Mr. Watts began to preach in 1698, and in 1702 succeeded Dr. Isaac Chauncy, in his ministerial office at London, which he held till his death, Nov. 25, 1748. When this letter was written, the author's age was 18, and Mr. Watts's 21.

ments as unexpected as undeserved. The poison is the more dangerous because the less suspected, for you have shown such an extreme address, that seeming to say little, you have said all. I thought, after that free confession I had made, your friendship would have restrained you from tempting my vanity with such unnecessary praises on a trifle I owned myself too much inclined to be fond of; nay, to deal freely, I found my infirmity at that time so prevailing, that I could hardly persuade myself at first that you complimented. But I will leave this subject, since to be over-obstinate in refusing praise is not always an argument of modesty, any more than a man's declaiming against himself in company, only because he would be contradicted. I give you many thanks for that testimony of your gratitude, as you are pleased to call it, and though I must own it a little incorrect, yet you may believe me, if I tell you that I think it has some beauties which deserve a particular admiration. As for your request, that I would criticise on it, I hope you will excuse me when I have declared to you, that I have neither judgment nor ill-nature enough for such an undertaking. Per-



haps too there is a grain of policy in the case, and I am unwilling to destroy the good opinion you seem to have of my abilities, by putting me on such an attempt. In hopes that you will not, on your part, neglect this paper-correspondence begun between us, nor fail to make me an expected return, I here send you some verses that were written some time ago, and given, together with a drawing, to a lady who is a great admirer of those two sister-arts, I should perhaps discover too much of my vanity, if I should tell you that, in some of the lines, I have imitated the incomparable Waller; but a little ambition, you know, is necessary to poets, and though I had reason enough not to expect the same success, that Horace prophesies of the imitators of Pindar, yet I have sometimes been inclined to fancy the design, and some of the verses, particularly the six last, not altogether unlike him,

VERSES presented to a lady with a drawing  
(by the author) of Cupid.

When generous Dido in disguise caress'd  
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,  
Soon the fly urchin storm'd her tender heart,  
And amorous flames dispers'd through every  
part.

In vain she strove to check the new-born fire,  
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher :  
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,  
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought :  
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care,  
Forsaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.

No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,  
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here ;  
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,  
He waits for influence from your conqu'ring  
eyes.

Heav'n change the omen then, and may this  
prove

A happy prelude to successful love !

## LETTER III.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS.

DEAR SIR,

London,

1697.

**I** CANNOT easily signify to you with what eagerness I snatch this occasion of making the most unfeigned acknowledgments, for the many obligations you have been pleased to lay upon me ; a duty which your modesty would never permit me to do in your presence, and which my gratitude, the best quality I can boast, will not let me omit, now I have you at this advantage.

I know you are in pain, for fear I am preparing for you a banquet of your own praises, a food which most other people can devour very heartily, and be in no danger of a surfeit ; and had I any quarrel against you, I would not desire a better revenge, and yet would say nothing that should look the least like flattery : so that you are now wholly at my mercy, and in no capacity of defending yourself, or putting  
by

by my paises; but since you cannot think me ignorant of what is so well known to all your friends, and since too you may gather, by what I have said, with reference to one perfection, your modesty, how well I am acquainted with all the rest, I will take pity on you, and forbear so agreeable a subject. See here, Sir, what a command you have over me, when I dare not so much as offer you your own, lest I displease you; but am forced to make even this an instance of the esteem I have for you, that I will not tell you how great it is. I give you many thanks for your witty and diverting letter; you need not have used arguments to persuade me that the characters you have drawn in it are true copies of nature, for in requital I could send you some of another hue, that have fallen within the circle of my observation, monsters so hideous and deformed, that, drawn by a poet, they would be thought no less extravagant than the thunder-defying hero\* of Statius before the walls of Thebes. Fools indeed (of whom you complain) are a very troublesome sort of insects; but they only buzz about your ears, and never bite deep; the vil-

\* Capaneus.



lain is the beast of prey, that leaps upon you from his den, and tears you in pieces. These are the proper objects of rage, the others only of contempt; and this perhaps makes the difference between the satires of Horace and Juvenal, for the first of them only rallies, but the latter declaims. Do you think you could possess your soul in patience, if you had to do with a fellow, who, under the veil of a most unsuspected affection, should be carrying on a plot for your ruin? Who should make use of all the most endearing acts of friendship, only to cast a blind before your eyes, and procure an opportunity to make you a sacrifice to his interest or revenge? The footpad, like an honest rogue, bluntly bids you—Stand and deliver! But some there are who will caress and embrace you, whilst their thoughts are employed how to swallow down your estate, if not cut your throat; and, if they do it but cleverly, and with some address, so as not to fall within the letter of the law, they wipe their mouths and pronounce themselves harmless;—“O villain! villain! smiling villain!”—Think not that I am writing at random, for I assure you, I have an original in my eye,  
after

after which I make this picture : innumerable others there are of the same black list, but with different degrees of deformity : to be particular, there is the physician, who purges you into a skeleton with his poisonous doses, and calculates the time of your cure by the number of his fees ; the man of statutes and reports, who practises on your estate as the other does on your health ;—

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim,  
 For if it be so as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, you've got the day !—

*Hudibras.*

And yet, perhaps, as soon as you are gone, he takes gold of your adversary to betray your cause. There are your statesmen too, who live like fleas by sucking the blood of the body politic : and here indeed the streams of corruption, that run through all our public offices, were a large field for satire ; for if all be true that an honest bold fellow tells us in a  
 late

late pamphlet, I do not believe Rome was worse, when Jugurtha said that "the city itself would be set to sale, could they hear of a purchaser." It were endless to enumerate all the particular species of rogues; both court and camp are filled with them, and at the Exchange every day at two you may meet them in swarms. In short, to say no more; 'tis a foolish and villainous world, and so let us rub through it as well as we can, remembering only, that some degrees of compliance are requisite to carry us on smoothly. There is an honest sort of hypocrisy, that is the allowed language of all mankind; and this is no other than a general courtesy of behaviour, which will not suffer us to speak truth at all times, and in all places. Therefore we must not be more honest than wise, unless we are willing to be kicked about the world like foot-balls, that are suffered to stay with nobody. In the mean time, I think myself happy in one whom I dare call my friend, as I hope you will believe, on the other hand, that I am

Yours sincerely

and without reserve,

J. H.  
LETTER

## LETTER IV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. SAMUEL SAY\*.

DEAR MR. SAY, London, Nov. 6, 1697.

I MUST confess that I took it somewhat unkindly to be so long neglected by an intimate friend, and one for whom I always had a more than ordinary esteem; but it is not so enormous a crime but I can pardon you on condition that you will stand bound to your good behaviour for the future. And now perhaps by the date of mine you will think that I designed to be even with you; I hope that conjecture will vanish, when I tell you that I

\* This gentleman, after having been some years pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, succeeded Dr. Calamy in Westminster, in the year 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, several of his poems and two essays in prose were published in one volume quarto, by subscription. The latter, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general," and the other "on those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired by persons of taste and judgment. His only daughter is married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting minister at Hadleigh in Suffolk.



came last week out of the country. But, ceremony apart, I give you my hearty thanks for your ingenious paraphrase, in which you have so generously rescued the noble psalmist out of the butcherly hands of Hopkins and Sternhold. Yet at the same time you have drawn a bill upon me, which I fear I must be forced to pay as they do Exchequer-notes, that is, at so much discount. However, I hope I have to do with a merciful creditor, who will be willing to compound the debt; and for the coin, I assure you 'tis the very choicest of my bags. To leave this metaphorical strain, you have here something\* in imitation of an author with whom I am endeavouring daily to grow more acquainted; and I cannot, without ingratitude, omit this occasion of owning that if I have yet attained any true taste of him, it is in a great measure owing to your judicious conversation, of which I am now so unhappily deprived. Such as it is, the ode is yours, for I translated it purposely for your sake, and have had such a respect to your judgment, that I have omitted no care to make it as perfect as I am

\* Horace B. 1. Ode 22. See it in Mr. Hughes's poems, vol. 1. p. 113.  
able,

able, and I am sure you cannot in reason expect more from me. I should be very glad if in your next you will tell me the faults I have committed, for it is the first time I have attempted the Pindarical way. Mistake not this for a compliment, for as you are one on whose judgment I can rely, so I declare to you that you cannot do me a more friendly office. Amalasont \* is not yet upon the stage, but I suppose will be this winter; I am glad you continue to think so favourably of it, I mean with respect to its morals, for I am clearly of Monf. Rapin's opinion, that "the reputation of being an honest man is to be preferred to that of a good poet." I am,

Sir, your real friend

and humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

\* A tragedy, still in manuscript, written by Mr. H. at the age of 19.

## LETTER V.

Mr. HUGHES to ——— SMITH, Esq;

at Greenhithe, Kent.

Occasioned by his having broken his leg by a  
fall from his horse.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 19, 1702,

**I** AM extremely concerned to hear of the unfortunate accident that has befallen you ; for I can truly say, and hope to be believed, that, next to your relations, I do not think you have any friend who is more sincerely interested for your welfare than myself. Misfortunes of this nature will sometimes happen in spite of the greatest care in the world ; and when they do, it is the greatest happiness to be well armed with patience, and to be able (as all wise men are) some way or other to make our advantage of them : and though it is experience purchased at a very dear rate, yet when a man has paid the price for it, it would be very hard if he should not gain something at least. Knowledge and wisdom are properly enough said to be often  
born

born of affliction, an offspring painful in the birth, but of the most valuable possession. Indeed the reasonings of philosophers and divines are very idle to one who is in the extremity of pain: but when he is come to himself, and at leisure for reflection, such severe admonitions as yours was, do of themselves preach to him, and offer him rules of prudence: they require him to use caution against all such ills as may be avoided, and to be prepared against such as cannot. They teach him to value himself aright; and since he finds his body subject to a thousand accidents, to turn his care rather to the noble entertainment and improvement of his mind; to pursue the pleasures of a natural being, which consist in wisdom, virtue, and good sense, and to stand up with bravery and resolution, and answer the great end of his creation. All this may be done without a man's turning hermit, or forswearing his innocent pleasures or diversions, without forsaking company, or, when he is in it, appearing morose or precise. It will not make him awkward, unfashionable, or stiff: on the contrary, it will accomplish him, and make him polite; and I will venture to say, that it will not only  
make



make him a better man but a finer gentleman too. I find, Sir, that I am betrayed into a long letter before I was aware : perhaps I have been too officious and talkative ; but you will pardon me, since I have been only representing to you what I suppose may have been your own thoughts on this occasion. I am very glad to understand that you are in a good way of recovery : I hoped to have been with you before this time, but I have chains that hold me here still, and will not be broken. As soon as I can possibly get free, I will hasten down to you, with eagerness and affection, to pay the acknowledgments of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## L E T T E R VI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess Dowager of  
DONEGALL\*.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have ventured to write to your ladyship sooner, to express my concern for the melancholy occasion of this, and I believe, many other letters, if I had not been fearful of increasing your trouble, and thought it greater respect to forbear while it was new. Yet though I have had much affliction of my own, by my father's having been dangerously ill above three weeks, and continuing yet very weak, I have not been without a just sense of your ladyship's, who, by your exceeding goodness to others, are entitled to all the returns of

\* This lady (the only daughter and heiress of John Itchingham of Dunbrody in the county of Wexford, esq; who was first married to Arthur second earl of Donegall, and was now the wife of Richard Rooth, esq; of Epsom) had lost three of her grandchildren, ladies Jane, Frances, and Henrietta Chichester, by a fire at Belfast in Ireland.

sym-

sympathy they can express ; and I am sure, I shall always think myself concerned in whatever befalls a family for which I have a very great honour, though a stranger to that part of it in which it has pleased God to make so sad a breach. It would be a very great satisfaction to me if I thought that any thing I could offer, joined with the better assistance of those who are more capable, could afford your ladyship any consolation in your sorrow ; which, though it has a very great cause, might have been much more aggravated, if Providence had not in mercy spared more than half the family \* to be remaining comforts. And though I am very sensible of how little force reason is against the sentiments of nature, yet your ladyship is so good a christian as to be capable of a better aid from that excellent religion whose peculiar privilege it is to afford a sovereign remedy for the worst of evils by the principle it teaches, that all events are ordered by a wise and good Being, who always knows and intends what is best for us, and will make every thing promote it, if we are not wanting to ourselves. And

\* The Earl had two sons and two daughters left.

since

since we are not left to chance, and know that the Author of our lives has made them equally liable to outward accidents as to inward diseases and decays, and that he has a right to take back what he gave, in such a manner as he thinks fit, I submit it to your ladyship's consideration, whether any sort of death, how extraordinary soever, can be properly called unnatural, or any life said to be cut short which has measured its appointed length; and infinite wisdom only knows whether the continuance of our friends lives would always prove for their or our happiness, even when we most passionately desire it.

This I could not but mention, and if your ladyship is not partial to your grief, you will attend to these arguments of resignation, with which your own mind can better furnish you than what I can write. I pray God comfort your ladyship, and that honourable person who is the more immediate sufferer.

I am, with the greatest respect and sincerest wishes for your ladyship's health and that of your whole family, Madam,

Your ladyship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

V. 1.

E

LETTER



## LETTER VII.

JEFFREY GILBERT, Esq; (afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer\*) to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

I HAVE considered your Polixena†, and think it as fine a subject to move terror and

\* This gentleman (among other things) was author of "an abridgment of Mr. Locke's essay on human understanding," and of an excellent translation of the 12th ode of the 2d book of Horace. See it (without a name) in "the wits Horace."

† There is a manuscript tragedy on this subject, entitled "The Captive Princess," written by Dr. Smith, in which are some fine scenes. Of this writer and his work, Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Savage," gives the following account: "Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote 'a tragedy,' and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than that of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit.

" This

compassion in an audience, as any I have read ; and to make her more so, I suppose you design to represent her as a pattern of virtue and good sense; for these will be great aggravations of her calamity.

And yet I would not behold a calamitous person, if I could help it, without being able to account for it to Divine Providence. This, I think, may be done in the case of Hecuba, if she, in the second scene of the first act, in bewailing the misfortunes of her family, shall be made to acknowledge the injustice of the rape of Helen, the injustice of destroying Achilles during a truce and the overtures for a marriage between him and Polyxena. May not Hecuba acknowledge, that Priam made the

" This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house  
 " afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden,  
 " applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his de-  
 " sign with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boer-  
 " haave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons  
 " to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr.  
 " Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a consider-  
 " able pension settled on him on his arrival, and was afterwards  
 " one of the chief physicians at the Russian court." P. 16. note.

guilt of these acts his own, by not repairing Menelaus's first injury, and by not delivering up the murderer of Achilles, though he was his own son, but protecting him from the justice of the Grecians? May not Hecuba be made to acknowledge her own part of this injustice, in not consenting, at least, to the last reparation? I think, even princes may be brought to confess their faults in adversity, though they are gods, and without fault, in their prosperity. And such a confession and repentance shall very much reconcile the benevolence of an audience, though perhaps it will not be thought a sufficient atonement in strict justice. I suppose you design to make Hecuba die, either by her own hand, or some other way; and the guilt I have mentioned will be sufficient to justify her death.

If this conduct shall be observed, there can be no doubt concerning the justice of Hecuba's death, since the universal law is, *He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*; and whoever shall protect a murderer, makes the guilt his own.

Hecuba,

Hecuba, in this case, cannot but move terror in the audience. Nothing can take off more from the aggravation of Hecuba's guilt, than that the murderer whom she hath endeavoured to protect, was her own son. Though princes ought to do equal justice, yet it is very hard for them to put off natural affection; and especially for a woman to lay aside the mother, that justice may be done upon her own son; and yet her not doing this is her whole guilt, for which, from a great queen, she is reduced to the condition of a slave, and has been so unfortunate as to have had her nineteen children, her whole number, destroyed; many of them before her face; her husband too killed; her capital city burnt to ashes; and nothing left to her but to obey the conqueror. If such a punishment, for such an offence, will not strike terror into an audience, nothing can. Will not every one be ready to reason thus with himself?

“Can I be too careful not to offend, if, for the least offence, Hecuba shall exact so severe a vengeance?”

At the same time, Hecuba must needs be a great object of compassion. So many calamities,

ties,



ties, for a crime of which every one is ready to acquit her for the sake of the circumstances, must make her go lamented off the stage.— Every one that beholds her calamities will be ready to make them his own.

Polyxena will be yet a greater object of compassion than Hecuba, since you are resolved not only to allow her good sense, but also innocence, and all other personal virtues. But as far as is consistent with these excellent qualities, I believe you will think fit to make her die with justice. If, with so much merit, she shall be made to die unjustly, this, instead of terror, will be the way to drive the audience to despair. Every one will be ready to say to himself, “What advantage is there of virtue  
“or innocence, if misfortunes attend alike  
“the innocent and the guilty? If the greatest  
“malefactor shall be in no more danger, than  
“the most virtuous person upon earth.”

This may be taken care of, since *the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third*

and

and fourth generation. This is *Divine Justice*\*; at least, it will be thought good *Poetical Justice*. It is notorious, that a whole people shall sometimes be destroyed for the crimes of their princes. This is evident in the destruction of Troy itself; and certainly it is much more reasonable that the children of those offending

\* This text, however, must be explained with some restrictions, as otherwise the scriptures will not be reconcilable with themselves, or with our ideas of Divine Justice. In this and similar passages therefore the Almighty must be understood as speaking to his people in a collective capacity, considered as a government, or society: and again, when in other parts of scripture, he assures the Jews that "the son shall not bear the iniquities of his father, &c. but the soul that sinneth, it shall die," he there appeals to men considered as individuals, or separate members of society, whom God never punishes but for their own transgressions. For instance, When God, by his prophet, reproves the Jews for using this proverb, "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the childrens teeth are set on edge," and says, "that they shall never have occasion to use it again," this could be meant of individuals only, because as a society, the Jews had occasion to use it both before and since. Before, in the reign of Josiah, who, righteous as he was, could not avert the wrath which the crimes of Manasseh had kindled: and since, at the siege of Jerusalem, in their present dispersion, &c. And the reason of it is this: nations as such will not subsist in the other world, and therefore the crimes which nations have committed, in their collective capacity, must be punished in this world, or not at all.

princes

princes should be destroyed; that these should suffer in their nearest and dearest relations. This is enough to abate the confidence of the most meritorious person upon earth; for who can tell, how much ill his father or mother may have deserved from him? This is enough to make every man place a strict guard over all his own actions, that at least he himself may not deserve the vengeance of heaven upon himself and his own children. If this consideration shall engage a man in the pursuit of virtue, and keep him innocent in his own person, he will esteem all the miseries of human life, and even death itself, as only the payment of a debt to nature, and not a punishment. The consciousness of his own innocence will make him submit with patience to every calamity that can befall him.

Why may not Hecuba, when she has bewailed the miseries of her family, be made to talk in this manner?

“ Yet still the gods have preserved Polydore  
 “ and Polyxena, to alleviate thy misfortunes.  
 “ And why, Hecuba, to alleviate thy misfortunes?

“ tunes? Has Priam lost his empire, and so  
 “ many sons and daughters, for countenan-  
 “ cing the rape of Paris? Did he at last lose his  
 “ own life for protecting this very Paris, and  
 “ not surrendering him to the Grecians for  
 “ the murder of Achilles, during the time of  
 “ truce, contrary to the faith of a treaty, and  
 “ while a marriage was solemnising between  
 “ him and Polyxena? And didst not thou also,  
 “ Hecuba, concur in protecting thy son from  
 “ justice after that barbarous murder? What  
 “ then has Priam deserved, that thou hast not  
 “ deserved? And why shouldest thou expect a  
 “ less punishment than he has suffered? Or if  
 “ thou shalt be suffered to live, will not life  
 “ itself be thy greatest punishment? With  
 “ what comfort canst thou then reflect upon  
 “ the misfortunes of thy family, the loss of  
 “ empire, of so many sons and daughters, and,  
 “ lastly, of thy husband? How wilt thou en-  
 “ dure to see the chaste, the virtuous Polyx-  
 “ ena, forced to the bed of Ulysses, and treated  
 “ with perpetual scorn and insults by Pene-  
 “ lope? But Ulysses has promised that thou  
 “ shalt be to him instead of a mother, and that

V. I.

F

“ Polyxena



“ Polyxena shall be the wife of his Telema-  
 “ chus. But perhaps these are promises to  
 “ allure us to survive the ruin of our family,  
 “ and which are not likely to be performed,  
 “ when we are once arrived at Ithaca. But if  
 “ these are delusive promises, Ulysses will at  
 “ least consent to our ransom; and hither, to  
 “ this very court of Polymeſtor, my youngest,  
 “ and now my only son, Polydore, was sent  
 “ by Priam with an immense treasure, while  
 “ yet Troy was in being, that he might be  
 “ able to assist his family upon any misfortune.  
 “ O Hecuba! these last, these only hopes will  
 “ fail. The gods intend no good to thee.  
 “ Yet why more evils to Polyxena? Is she to  
 “ suffer too for the crimes of Paris? Did she  
 “ consent to the rape of Helen, or the murder  
 “ of Achilles?”

And why may not Polyxena reply as follows?

“ Though I did not indeed consent to the  
 “ rape of Helen, or the murder of Achilles,  
 “ am I secure from the wrath of heaven? Have  
 “ the gods destroyed innocent subjects for the  
 “ offences

“ offences of their princes, and shall not the  
 “ guilty princes themselves be punished in the  
 “ destruction of their dearest relations? Is  
 “ Troy now in ashes, and the whole people  
 “ massacred, because the father and mother  
 “ prevailed for the protection of a son? and  
 “ shall the sons and daughters of Priam and  
 “ Hecuba escape? Are so many of my brothers  
 “ and sisters destroyed for this cause? And  
 “ can Polydore and Polyxena hope to be  
 “ exempted from the same calamity? It was  
 “ not Hecuba, no, nor Priam, who ravished  
 “ Helen from Menelaus; they did not murder  
 “ Achilles at the holy altar; they only pro-  
 “ tected the ravisher and murderer from justice:  
 “ he was their son, and nature pleaded strongly  
 “ in his defence. Yet what dreadful cala-  
 “ mities have they suffered on his account?  
 “ How many of my brothers and sisters have  
 “ died in this quarrel? What vast numbers of  
 “ innocent subjects have been massacred? And  
 “ can I and Polydore hope to escape? Perhaps  
 “ the vengeance of the gods may stop here;  
 “ perhaps Ulysses will perform his promise,  
 “ and I shall be the wife of Telemachus: but

“ of this be assured ; I will never prostitute  
 “ myself to the unlawful embraces of Ulysses ;  
 “ Penelope shall never triumph over me on this  
 “ account. If she should, I shall esteem every  
 “ evil that befalls me, a just punishment from  
 “ the gods for my own offences : but, so  
 “ long as I can preserve my innocence and my  
 “ virtue, I shall think all the calamities of my  
 “ life, and even death itself, to be only the  
 “ payment of a debt to nature ; and, if I must  
 “ be miserable, I will, at least, have this satisf-  
 “ faction, that no other person shall be made  
 “ miserable by my offences.”

What if after this, and before the third  
 scene of the first act, Ulysses be introduced,  
 giving fresh assurances of comfort to Hecuba  
 and Polyxena ?

What if, in the second scene of the second  
 act, Polyxena confesses, that Polymestor has  
 been making love to her, and that she has  
 not given any encouragement to his suit, both  
 on account of her suspicions of his having  
 dealt unfairly by Polydore, and because she  
 will

will not deal unfairly with Ulysses, who has yet given her no reason to suspect the affair of Telemachus. Some such reason must be assigned for her refusing Polymestor; otherwise, considering that Polyxena is in a state of slavery, and Polymestor a great king, she will be thought too great a fool to raise compassion. Yet her conclusion may be, that she will keep Polymestor in suspense till he shall produce her brother. —

JEFF. GILBERT.

## LETTER VIII.

THOMAS SERGEANT, Esq; to Mr. HUGHES.

Part of a letter.

Maldon in Essex, April 11, 1709.

— I AM glad the Abbé St. Réal diverted you so well as you tell me. He was certainly a very agreeable and gallant man, or he had never had the honour of serving the late dutchess of Mazarin in the same quality that M. St. Evremont afterwards succeeded. But for his veracity as a writer of history, I know there is

no



no depending on him. He pleases, and that is his design, but I can assure you, from a more authentic historian, Cabrera \*, whom he quotes, that Don Carlos † was a quite different person than what he represents him.

I have not yet seen nor heard any thing of "Ben Hoadly's reply ‡." Our friend the *Tatler*, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath §, has, in my mind, entered into the

\* Lewis, of Cordoua, a captain of foot. He wrote the history of Philip II. king of Spain.

† Son of Philip II. and Mary of Portugal. Being of a violent temper, and having formed a design of joining the malecontents in the Low Countries, the king his father caused him to be apprehended and confined, which so enraged him, that, after eating voraciously of all that was set before him, he swallowed a great quantity of cold water, which brought on a dysentery, that killed him. This is the account given by Morosini, the Venetian historian, and agrees with that of Cabrera. The French historians have confidently asserted that he was poisoned, or strangled, by order of his father. See Pierre Matthieu *hist. de France, oeuvres de St. Evremond, dict. de Moreri, &c.*

‡ To the bishop of Exeter's answer to his "considerations on his lordship's sermon before the queen, March 8, 1708-9."

§ See a letter from Mr. Powell to Mr. Bickerstaff, in the "*Tatler*," vol. 1. numb. 50.

depth

depth of the argument in dispute, and given a complete answer to all that the Rev. Bishop either can or will say upon the subject; and Ben should have referred his lordship to be *mumbled*, as he calls it, by Mr. Bickerstaff, as his lordship had threatened him with that usage, from the worthy author of Timothy and Philautus. —

I am, dear Mr. Hughes,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

THO. SERGEANT.

## LETTERS IX. & X.

TWO LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) designed for the TATLER. Now first printed.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

AS you have been very useful to the public by your knowledge of human nature, and are doubtless no less skilled in physic than in astrology, it would not be foreign from your studies if you would, some time or other, favour us with a dissertation upon fevers, of which, it  
seems,

seems, there are so many kinds, that the physicians about this town usually discover a new one every year, and especially in the spring, when the blood runs high, and the humours are most predominant. One of the most particular I have read of, is that which Lucian describes in the introduction to his "discourse upon history," which had a very odd original. It was begun by one Archelaus, a player, who, in the theatre at Abdera, with a loud voice and vehement action, performed a part in the *Andromeda* of Euripides, which struck the eyes and ears of his audience so forcibly, that their blood was put into a ferment by it, and great numbers of them seized with fevers. In the height of the distemper, they fell into a kind of poetical agitations, in which they mimicked Archelaus's action, and repeated the verses in his part, so that in a few days the whole town rung with heroics, till the next fit of cold weather reduced them once more to prose and their senses.

I have the rather mentioned this remarkable case, because I do not find it in any books of the  
phy-

physicians, though some of them have very learnedly treated on another sort of fever, caused by a little Italian insect called the Tarantula. Perhaps music, which is found to be the only remedy for the latter, might have been effectual against the other too, and may afford relief in many like cases : and whether an art which has so persuasive an influence on the spirits, and is able to charm down the intemperance of passion, and lull the mind into serenity and pleasure, might not, on some occasions, be made beneficial in the state, and become a public good as well as entertainment, is another speculation which is likewise left to your thoughts, when you shall think proper, by, Sir,

Your humble servant.

MADAM,

**M**Y duty as Cenfor, with my professed care of the tender sex, and the humour of an old man who is fond of giving advice, are the reasons why I send you this letter.

V. I.

G

I



I am informed by Pacolet (my familiar) that you are one of the most amiable of your sex, which gives me much concern for you, especially since I understand that your conduct is divided and wavering between love and respect, and that you want no charm but one, which is that of being fixed, and delivered from the uncertainty of a various inclination. Of two candidates for your favour, by what I can judge, you seem to resolve that one shall never have your heart, but not know it; and that the other shall know he has it, but not be the better for it.

Though I write to you in spectacles, I am not so old yet, Madam, as to have forgot that this was once my own case with a lady, for whom I had so great a passion, that, after she had given me to understand I had her affections, she thought she might use me as she pleased. And being persuaded to entertain a man she despised, she was so nicely civil, that, because she hated him, she would not deny him, and knowing she might be free with me, who both loved her, and was beloved by her, she yielded to the importunity of her relations, and married

ried him. By which means I have long continued an unfortunate batchelor, and she a joyless wife, with all the cares of a married state, and none of the satisfactions.

There is no need to advise a woman of your sense what use to make of this example, but if it has the weight with you which I wish it may, you will not be at a loss how to fix your happiness, and perhaps you may hereafter remember with satisfaction

Your faithful monitor,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

## LETTER XL

M. HUGHES a Signor CAVALIERO NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO, Tower, le 4me du Fevrier, 1709-10.

DEPUIS que j'ai eu l'honneur d'être chez vous à la repetition de l'opera\*, j'ai diné avec

\* "Calypso and Telemachus," an English opera, by Mr. Hughes (see his poems, vol. ii. p. 19.) set to music by Mr. Galliard, performed at the queen's theatre in the Haymarket in

Mr. Steele, et la conversation roulante sur vous, je lui dis la maniere obligeante dont je vous avois oui parler de Mr. Bickerstaff, en disant que vous aviez beaucoup d' inclination à etudier l'Anglois pour avoir seulement le plaisir de lire le *Tatler*. Il trouve que votre compliment à l' auteur du *Tatler* est fort galant.

Et comme je m'estimerois heureux de pouvoir vous encourager dans cette inclination d' apprendre notre langue, je vous demande la permission de vous faire un present du *Misanthrope*\* en Anglois, que vous pouvez lire

1712, and revived, some years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Addison, in the "Spectator" (numb. 405) speaking of the just applause given this opera by Sig. Nicolini, (who, he says, "was the greatest performer in dramatic music that perhaps ever appeared on a stage,") has these words: "The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist for having shown us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art."

\* This translation was then just published, and has been since reprinted with Moliere's other plays translated by Ozell. But no notice is taken by what hand it was translated, and Mr. Hughes's judicious preface is there omitted.

avec

avec l' original ; et qu' etant une traduction que j'ai fait moi-même, vous me ferez beaucoup d' honneur d' accepter. Je suis sensible qu' il ne fera jamais en mon pouvoir de vous procurer la centieme partie du plaisir que je ressens de vous entendre, et de vous connoître. Mais je tâcherai au moins de vous faire voir, que je suis, avec tout le respect possible,

Sig. Cavaliero,

Vôtre tres humble & tres obeissant serviteur,

J. HUGHES.

# TRANSLATED.

Mr. HUGHES to Signor NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO,

SINCE I had the honour of being with you at the rehearfal of the opera, I dined with Mr. Steele, and the conversation turning on you, I mentioned to him the obliging manner in which I had heard you speak of Mr. Bickerstaff, by saying that you had a great inclination to study English merely for the pleasure of reading the  
*Tatler.*



*Tatler*. He thinks your compliment to the author of the *Tatler* very polite.

And as I should esteem myself happy in being able to encourage you in this inclination of learning our language, I beg leave to present you with the *Misanthrope* in English; which you may read with the original, and which being a translation of my own, you will do me a great honour by accepting it. I am sensible that it will never be in my power to give you the hundredth part of the pleasure which I have felt by hearing and being acquainted with you; but I will endeavour at least to convince you, that I am, with all possible respect,

Sig. Cavaliero,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

J. HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

M. RÖNER a M. HUGHES.

MONSIEUR,

Ce Mardi, 31 Juillet, 1712.

AYANT reçu ce matin une lettre de  
Monsi. Hendel \*, j'ai crû ne devoir pas man-  
quer à vous en communiquer aussitôt un ex-

\* This great master (who was born at Häll in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's acknowledged skill in the two sister arts than his being so soon noticed and distinguished by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in consequence of this introduction, composed Mr. Hughes "cantata of Venus and Adonis." Mr. Handel (as he afterwards spelt his name) returned to Hanover in the winter following, came back to England in 1712, and fixed his residence here for the remainder of his life. His abilities in his profession are universally known, and (till "the Goths prevail") will always be admired and felt. "In his character," says an excellent writer, "whatever there was wrong, there was nothing mean; though "he was proud, his pride was uniform; he was not by turns a "tyrant and a slave, a censor in one place, and a sycophant in "another; he maintained his liberty in a state in which others "would have been vain of dependence; he was liberal even when "he was poor, and remembered his former friends when he was "rich." He died April 6, 1759.

trait

trait qui vous regarde, et qui est une reponse au compliment dont vous m' aviez bien voulu charger. Je lui ecrirai vendredi prochaine, ainsi vous n'aurez, si vous plait, qu' à m' envoyer ce que vous avez destiné pour lui ; et je puis, Monsieur, vous assurer, que si l' honneur de vôtre souvenir lui fait un sensible plaisir, je n'en sens pas moins par le moyen que j' aurai par là de faciliter votre correspondance, et de vous donner une preuve de la consideration extrême, avec laquelle j'ai l' honneur d' être,

Monsieur, vôtre tres humble

& tres obeissant serviteur,

A. RONER.

### L E T T E R XIII.

Extrait de la Lettre de M. HENDEL.

— FAITES bien mes complimens à Monf. Hughes. Je prendrai la liberté de lui ecrire avec la premiere occasion. S'il me veut cependant honorer de ses ordres, et d'y ajouter une de ses charmantes poesies en Anglois, il  
me

me fera la plus sensible grace. J'ai fait, depuis que je suis parti de vous, quelque progrès dans cette langue, &c. —

# TRANSLATED.

Mr. RONER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

**H**AVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Hendel, I thought it my duty to send you as soon as possible an extract of it, which relates to you, in answer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I shall write to him next Friday, so you need only send me, if you please, what you intend for him, and I can assure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleasing to him, I am no less pleased with being the means of promoting your correspondence, and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard, with which I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.



Extract from Mr. HENDEL's Letter.

— PRESENT my best compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the first opportunity. If, in the mean time, he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming English poems, he will lay me under the greatest obligations. Since I left you, I have made some progress in that language, &c. —

LETTER XIV.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

1711.

MR. CLAYTON and I desire you, as soon as you can conveniently, to alter this poem \* for music, preserving as many of

\* "Alexander's feast, or the power of music, an ode for St. Cecilia's day." Mr. Steele and Mr. Clayton had at that time concerts of music in York-buildings, Agreeably to their request,

Mr.

Dryden's words and verses as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well skilled in recitative, but you understand all these matters much better than

Your affectionate humble servant,

R. STEELE.

## LETTER XV.

MR. HUGHES to MR. STEELE.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE you have asked my opinion about the music, I take it for granted you would have me give it you; and therefore I will show how faithfully I intend always to obey you, in doing it with a freedom, which I would be loth to use to one for whom I had less friend-

Mr. Hughes made several alterations in that admired ode. See his poems, vol. ii. p. 71. But what his opinion was of the music both of that and of "Sappho's ode by Philips," will appear from the following letter. The honour of doing justice to Dryden, as well as to Milton, was reserved for Handel, who composed "Alexander's feast" in 1736.

ship, and in whose candour and integrity I did not think myself safe.

I shall therefore, without taking any hints from others, just give you some few observations which occurred to me as well as I could judge upon the first hearing.

That which seems to me to strike most are the prelude-bases, some of which are very well fancied ; but I am afraid they are in themselves too long, especially when repeated ; for prelude-bases are only to begin the subject of the air, and do not show any composition (which consists in the union of parts) so that if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of skill, but only of invention.

The symphonies in many places seem to me perplexed, and not made to pursue any subject or point.

The last air of Sappho begins too chearfully for the sense of the words. As well as I can guess,

gness, without seeing the score, it is in D sharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) into B flat 3d, and so ends, without returning to the same key either flat or sharp. This being one continued air (though in two movements of time) let some master be asked, Whether it is allowable (I am sure, it is not usual) to begin an air in one key sharp, and end it in a different key flat? For though the passage is natural, the closing so is, I believe, always disallowed.

The overture of Alexander ought to be great and noble; instead of which, I find only a hurry of the instruments, not proper (in my poor opinion) and without any design, or fugue, and, I am afraid, perplexed and irregular in the composition, as far as I have any ideas or experience. Enquire this of better judgments.

The duet of Bacchus is chearful, and has a good effect; but that beginning "*Cupid, Phæbus, &c.*" I cannot think, shows any art, and is in effect no more than a single air. Nothing shows



shows both genius and learning more than this sort of composition, the chief beauty of which consists in giving each voice different points, and making those points work together, and interchange regularly and surprisngly, or one point following itself in both the voices, in a kind of canon, as it is called. These artfulnesses, when well executed, give infinite delight to the ear; but that which I have mentioned is not formed after those designs, but where the voices join, they move exactly together in plain counterpoint, which shows little more than a single air.

I think the words in general naturally enough expressed, and, in some places, pathetically; but, because you seem to think this the whole mystery of setting, I take this opportunity to assure you that it is as possible to express words naturally and pathetically in very faulty composition as it is to hit a likeness in a bad picture. If the music in score, without the words, does not prove itself by the rules of composition, which relate to the harmony and motion of different notes at the same time,

the

the notes in the singing parts will not suffice, though they express the words ever so naturally. This is properly the art of composition, in which there is room to show admirable skill, abstracted from the words; and in which the rules for the union of sounds are a kind of syntax, from which no one is allowed to err. I do not apply this last particular to any thing, but only to give you a general idea of what is composition. Yet, upon the whole, as far as I am able to judge, the music of Sappho and Alexander, though in some places agreeable, will not please masters.

Having thus given you my thoughts freely and impartially (in which perhaps I may be mistaken) I will trust your good sense for the use that may be made of this; and I beg it may not prejudice me with Mr. Clayton or yourself, and that you will not let him know of this, but only inform yourself farther from others, on the hints here given.

I should not, you may be sure, give you or myself this trouble, but that I do not know  
how

how far it may concern your interest to be rightly informed, which is the only regard I have in showing you this way how much I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER XVI.

ALEXANDER BAYNE, Esq; \* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 20, 1711.

AFTER you left me on Saturday night, I took up the *Spectator* of the Wednesday before †, which had made a part of our conversation, and having carefully considered it, I am still the more of your opinion, that the letter which he inserts is not fully answered. I am therefore tempted to send you some thoughts which occurred to me on that subject, thinking perhaps they might contain some

\* Barrister at law, and afterwards professor of the municipal law in the university of Edinburgh.

† See vol. ii, numb. 222.



hints which you may possibly improve into a proper answer to that admirable letter. I could not but take notice, that all he says to account for that inconsistency in behaviour of those gentlemen who have the justest notions of life, &c. terminates in telling us, that the slower part of mankind are more immediately formed for business, which is an interruption to men addicted to delights. Now this can never be brought to bear; for we have innumerable instances of men of the greatest vivacity, and who have the most lively taste of delights, that have shown a great application to business, as well civil as domestic. And if there is any material difference between them and the slower part of mankind in this point, it consists chiefly in this, that the men of a lively, brisk imagination are apt to make too great haste in things which require a greater exactness, and are more laborious than entertaining. But to find out the source of this great evil complained of in the letter, I am very apt to think we must go back, and enquire into the measures that have been used in one's education. If we can find it there, it is plain the intention of the letter

V. I.

I

may



may be answered, which is to apply a proper remedy.

There is nothing more certain and obvious, from common experience, than that the knowledge of rules, and the ready application of them, are two distinct things, and attainable by the same person by different means. The first is the object of our intellectual faculties only; but the last, or that address or facility of reducing our knowledge into practice, is in a great measure mechanical. There is a habitude attainable only by repeated acts, which render the execution of any practical thing easy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to such things as are then suitable to our capacity, but have some analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in years.— Thus it is very conceivable, that an ingenious man, from his own observations, may be able to read a fine lecture of oeconomy, but absolutely unfit to show an example of it in his own person, if a careful parent or tutor has not early initiated

initiated him into little acts of industry, when he laid the first foundations of his education.—I only give you here a sketch of the thought that offered itself to me; but if it has any good foundation in reason, a very beautiful scheme may be drawn from it for education in general. I am, with very great esteem and friendship,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

AL. BAYNE.

## LETTER XVII.

DAVID MERCATOR, Esq; \* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

May 22, 1712.

I FEARED the fatigue you were obliged to undergo would have some ill effects on you,

\* This gentleman, who had a place in the office of ordnance, was unfortunately killed, some years after, together with several other persons, by a miscarriage in the casting of a large brass cannon at a foundery in Bunhill-fields. Some damp getting to the mold, blew up the melted metal among the spectators. The prince of Wales (afterwards king George II.) and the princess were to have been present, had they not been accidentally prevented. The gun itself was kept at Woolwich-warren within these few years, and perhaps is there still.

which I am the more concerned for, because you may make yourself worse by thinking this time calls more for your personal attendance than hitherto: but indeed I have less trouble on that account than for your fever; because I am satisfied your opera\* is so well received by all the best of both sexes, that you neither will nor can lose any thing by a want of your presence, either before, or on Saturday evening.

I read your opera on Monday morning, before seven, at the surveyor's † at Wallington, with extreme delight. All the parts of it are pleasing. The method of the story, the easy neatness of the stile, the aptness and vivacity of the songs, the conciseness of well-chosen words, (to give the more liberty to the musician to display his artful harmony, without tiring the audience,) and yet clearness of good sense, you must give me leave to own, I think, wonderfully fine and taking. And so they seemed to be to the surveyor, for he expressed, by his looks, and bright twinkling of his eyes,

\* "Calypso and Telemachus."

† Mr. Bridges, surveyor-general of the ordnance.



a pleasing satisfaction, which made his approbation drop from him in natural words easier than they usually do\*.

I shall perform your commands to him by letter, but fear I shall not see him till Tuesday or Wednesday, being to attend a proof of great guns at Woolwich on Saturday.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate most humble servant,

DAVID MERCATOR.

LETTER XVIII.

A LETTER designed for the SPECTATOR.

Now first printed.

SIR,

AFTER the encouragement you have

shown to musical entertainments of English

composition, I persuade myself you will ap-

prove of the endeavours of the gentlemen who

attempt to bring an English opera † upon the

\* Mr. B. had a hesitation in his speech.

† "Calypso and Telemachus."

stage,



stage, and contribute towards the supporting of so laudable an undertaking, against the affectation of some, and the prejudice of others, who have declared against it. I shall therefore take leave to lay before you what is objected to it, and observe a little upon it.

Now that Mr. Nicolini is to leave us\*, and that his not performing can be no greater objection against an English opera, than against operas in general; the only one that is insisted on, is, that the poetry is English. A hard matter indeed! That the very argument which every reasonable man would make use of to promote a thing should be turned against it.

I readily grant that the soft and open pronunciation of the Italian language favours music in general more than ours does; but still our own is not so wanting in that particular, but the defect may be so well supplied by a skilful poet, that the difference there is will be more than balanced by hearing words that give us agreeable ideas; instead of brute syl-

\* See the "Spectator" Vol. vi. numb. 405.

tables that can give us Englishmen no idea at all. And here I cannot but observe, that as every scene in an opera is not to show the lover and his mistress, it may frequently happen, that the majesty of some English words will appear to be more agreeable to the music, as being more proper to the subject, than the softness of the Italian; for our senses are never so elegantly gratified as when our reason has a share in the entertainment.

There are some persons who have acquired a certain cant, that the music is the only thing to be regarded in an opera, not considering that there is an inseparable connection between the beauties in the music and those of the poetry. I would have such therefore informed, that in dramatic music the greatest beauty lies in the expression; which, whether effected by the movement of the parts, or by the modulation of the harmony, is that in music which affects our passions, when justly adapted and applied to words impressing ideas on the imagination which are apt to raise them. And thus the united force of poetry and music, exerting it-  
self

self on the imagination, produces in the hearer a stronger perception, than would arise from the ideas raised singly by the music. If, therefore, the music demands at least words of known signification, whereby it may display its greatest beauty, it is evident, that in the Italian operas we do not hear, in its perfection, that, for whose sake alone we introduced them. And let us consider now what a strange description it would be of a public diversion of the polite part of a whole nation, to say that it was such, that the music in it was the only entertainment, the poetry being in an unknown language, whereby the great beauty of the music too lay concealed. The reason that so few have had any taste of the recitative-music, may be easily collected from what I have said, since it had nothing to recommend it but the expression of the music, which I have shown was lost to us. But were we once made acquainted with this particular stile, by having it set forth to us with all the charms of English verse, we shall, no doubt, as commonly hear a tune-catcher humming over to himself a piece of recitative as he now does an air.

Thus



Thus far in answer to those who place the sole entertainment of an opera in the music; but, for my part, I think we ought to expect something from the poetry too, and I cannot but think that an English opera, well written and agreeable to the rules of dramatic poetry, would be no small addition to the entertainment.

My intention is not to enlarge in praise of this new opera of "Calypso and Telemachus," nor to engage you to recommend it further to the town, than that they would, without prejudice, give it as a fair hearing as they are used to give to a new Italian opera, since thus much, at least, we owe, in common justice, to the gentleman of a foreign nation\*, who has been at so much pains to reconcile us to our own language, as to present us with an opera in it. And upon that condition I shall gladly leave his performance to shift for itself.

When I consider that I am writing to a man of your philosophy, I cannot but observe, on

\* Mr. Galliard.



this occasion, how much more invincible are the prejudices of our advanced years than those of our youth. These are only the wrong notions of our education, which, upon better information, we are ready to give up, no one judging it an imputation to have it thought he wanted judgment to make a right choice when he was a boy. But those are the acquirements of our manhood, which our vanity secures against all attacks, and renders impregnable : for, in this particular, such is its dominion over us, that, even after conviction, we would seem still to entertain the false opinion, vainly flattering ourselves, that while we appear not to be conscious of our error, the world therein can never discover our folly.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Apr. 24, 1713.

THIS is to acquaint you that I am forced to practise a great piece of self-denial. In short, I must deprive my play\* of the noble ornament you designed for it. My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy of verses, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise on course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems upon the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will not let

\* "Cato."

K 2

you

you put a wrong interpretation on this matter;  
and I am sure I need not tell you with how  
much sincerity and esteem I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and  
most faithful humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XX.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

Apr. 25, 1713.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind  
letter. The warm expressions of friendship in it  
give me a much more sensible pleasure than any I  
could receive from the approbation of my verses.  
I confess, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts  
of your printing them; and though nothing  
would flatter me so much in the making them  
public, as the satisfaction of seeing my name  
with yours, yet I am one of those friends who  
think your present resolution perfectly right,  
and entirely acquiesce in your reasons\*. I

\* These verses, with several others, were however prefixed to  
all the subsequent editions of "Cato". But none from "persons  
of quality" appeared among them.

cannot



cannot but applaud at the same time your chaste enjoyment of fame, which I think equally above envy and incapable of receiving any addition.

I am, with all possible esteem,

Sir, your most affectionate and  
most obedient humble servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER XXI.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Wemys, Sept. 4. 1713.

IT is no small pain to me to think that I am henceforth to be cut off from my dear Mr. Hughes's company. It is a reflection, I can assure you, that makes my heart ach, even now, while I have the greatest reason imaginable to enjoy a tranquillity of mind, by having laid the future happiness of my life here, upon very reasonable foundations; but it is still some comfort to me to hope, that, in place of your conversation, you will be so  
kind



kind to me as to let me have your correspondence. I am now to tell you, that a young lady has got possession of my heart, and that I have good reason to think I shall soon have hers in exchange. It happens that this young lady is a *Mrs. Mary*, and a youngest daughter, upon which you'll easily imagine that I have thought of the *Sparkler*\*, and flatter myself that my favourite is very like Mr. Ironside's. There is something very particular in my story, arising from friendship, of which our intimacy challenges an account from me.

You may remember, I had a cousin and friend, that, two years ago, came to see me, and stayed some time in Lincoln's Inn. With this gentleman, you must know, I have had a very long, constant, and warm friendship; and, you'll readily imagine, he was at Edinburgh to meet me upon my arrival there. The next morning we contrived to be together *tête à tête*, when he, who has devoted himself to a single life, took occasion to complain to

\* See the character of the "Sparkler" in the "Guardian," numb. 5.

me how much he suffered by my absence, and how joyless even his rural amusements, and one of the prettiest country-seats of his, were to him, while I had no share therein, wishing withal, as he had done two years ago, that I could think of leaving England, find out a proper mate for myself, and come and live with him. You cannot doubt but these warm solicitations of so dear a friend made a very deep impression on me. A few hours after, I chanced to go to pay my respects to this gentleman's mother, whom I found at a tea-table with her three daughters: the *Sparkler* very soon caught my eye; for having known her when she was a girl, and then a great favourite of mine, I had an elegant satisfaction in observing that she was now what she then promised to be. In short, I soon found myself so much hers, and she being so nearly related to my friend, that I could not but think that Providence had contrived to make his proposal effectual. I gave into it, and matters are as far advanced as decency could permit in so short a time.

It

It will be an infinite pleasure to me to hear from you, and I beg that you would believe me, in every state and condition of life, to be with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and  
most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTERS XXII, XXIII, & XXIV.

Three LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) designed for the GUARDIAN. Now first printed.

SIR,

THERE are few men but are capable, at some time or other, of making a right judgment of themselves; therefore having, as I think, caught myself in one of these wise fits, I am resolved to make use of it, while it lasts, and lay my case before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that most of our profession are orators. I have, with some pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect master in the art of shop-rhetoric,

rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plausible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my discourse, and an easy motion of the hand, sets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironside, as I owe my prosperity to noise, I am grown an utter enemy to silence, and when I go among some of my plain honest neighbours, who are not of any of the talking professions, I cannot help assuming a superiority over them, which, I find, has been a little resented. I have often resolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my shop, and to employ it only in setting off my silks and brocades; but long habits are not easily overcome, and the musical sound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that resolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked less, and if you could put me in a way to do it, I should be very glad to oblige them. You must know, that I am sometimes chairman of a club, where some of them complain that they have not their share of the discourse, and others (in raillery, I suppose) call me the fine speaker.



I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not satisfy them. Besides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moralists say, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending against truth, innocence, or good manners ; and how do I know, now I am serious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at some time or other, have misled me into falsehood, uncharitableness, or scandal ? It is possible that the superfluity of my discourse may have fallen upon the reputation of some honest man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have lessened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity or humanity. I may have raised an unjust jealousy by a flower of speech, practised upon credulity by a smooth sentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders. To be plain, I have searched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper disposition, if you will be pleased to give me a lecture on  
this

this subject, and be so kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular service to, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;  
Or, in his absence, to the keeper of the lion,  
at Button's coffee-house, Covent-garden.

OLD IRONSIDE,

Sept. 1713.

IF your lion had not less breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat against so genteel a diversion as masquerading\*, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better understanding between the sexes. But I shall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironside, to talk with you upon this subject. My present business is with the lion; and since this savage has behaved himself so rudely, I do, by these presents, challenge him to meet me at the next masquerade, and desire

\* See the "Guardian," vol. ii. numb. 142 and 154.

You will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of these midnight amusements, I intend to appear against him, in the habit of Signor Nicolini, to try the merits of this cause by single combat. I am

Yours,

INCOGNITO.

HONEST NESTOR,

**P**R-Y-T-H-E-E, stop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of masquerading. I have pursued a dear creature several of these gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in "Ovid's Metamorphoses," and she has promised, at the next, in the habit of a gypsy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards say what you please.

Your humble servant,

TIM. FROLICK.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

October 6, 1713.

I DO not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the *Guardian*\*. He has published this day a paper called the *Englishman*, which begins with an answer to the *Examiner*, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party-matters.

I know not whether any such paper as the *Guardian* may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember, you were once pleased to ask me, what I thought would be a good

\* The last number of the "*Guardian*" was published Oct. 1, 1713.

plan ;



plan; and this unexpected occasion has given me a thought, which I beg leave to offer to your consideration: and because I cannot, at this distance, so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I inclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it to-day: only I must acquaint you, that what I send is a sequel of a paper which is to open the plan, and which describes a society of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower their secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings, under the title of the *Register*. By this means, I think, the own might be sometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with essays, or with discourses in the person of the writer of the paper.

I chuse to send you the second paper, though unfinished, because you will see an offer in it at a new-invented character, with a cast of oddness in it to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of matter and of adventures.

I wish I could tempt you, by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration: I should, on such condition, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you shall think more proper, but without you I shall make no farther use of it.

I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and, I believe, that of most others, that such a paper should be only three times a week: when it should begin, or whether at all or no, I submit to you, and shall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Bilton\*, Oct. 12, 1713.

I AM very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure.—I think the title of the *Register* would be less assuming than that of the *Humanity-Club*; but, to tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me delasser*, and lay in fewel for a future work. In the mean time, I should be glad if you would set such a project on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself†; but he

\* Near Rugby in Warwickshire.

† Mr. Addison (as the event showed) was too true a prophet, his “friend Dick,” who was then member for Stockbridge, being expelled

has sent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's\*, who is now with me, and very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer.

I am always, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Sir, your most faithful and  
most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

expelled the house of commons, March 15, 1713-14, for some libellous paragraphs in the "Englishman," and in another paper called the "Crisis."

\* Dorothy, first married to Dr. Sartre (a Frenchman) prebendary of Westminster, and afterwards to Daniel Combes, esq; Swift (after dining with this lady and her first husband at his prebendal-house, Oct. 25, 1710,) says of her, "Addison's sister" "is a sort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c."—See letter vii. of his "journal to Stella."

V. I.

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LETTER



## LETTER XXVII.

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE \* to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Nov. 11, 1713.

**W**HEN the assistance I offered to you and Mr. Addison was declined by both, I resolved, by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a week, and to own that I had some hand in it. Accordingly this design has been twice publicly advertised. The paper is called the *Lay-Monk*†; and now, I believe, the tenderness of your friendship, joined with your diffi-

\* This writer, though the butt of the wits, especially of Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deserved. In particular, his poem "on the creation" has much merit, and is extolled by Mr. Addison as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse." See the "Spectator," vol. v. numb. 339. And let it be remembered that the resentment of those wits was excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue; by censuring the libertinism of Dryden and the (supposed) profaneness of Pope. He died Oct. 9, 1729.

† The first paper was published Nov. 16, 1713, the last Feb. 15, 1713-14.

dence

dence of success, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I intreat you to dismiss all concern of that nature, for I can run no risk. I am not determined by desire of fame, or profit, to undertake this difficult and hazardous province, but I have other views, which I am under obligations to pursue, though I should run a greater venture than I do now. If I miscarry, I am but where I was; if I succeed, I shall have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design that I have formed for public good.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

R<sup>D</sup>. BLACKMORE.

## LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

December 5. 1713.

I DESIGNED long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, and, at the same time, to have acquainted you that I

M 2

had

had laid aside all thoughts of the design mentioned to you in my last. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had so long given the town, with much better success than I could ever propose, I could not persuade myself to engage as a principal in an undertaking, in which I was only willing to have been an assistant. Sir Richard was, however, of opinion, that such a design ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public good: and, by his commission, I send you the papers \* which have been hitherto published, to which he adds his sincere respects to your sister.

You may believe, when this design was once set on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned:

\* These papers were collected into a volume in 1714, under the title of the "Lay-Monastery." The Friday's papers were by Mr. H. the rest by Sir Richard Blackmore. There are forty numbers.

I must

I must therefore desire your indulgence to the third, sixth, and ninth papers; and the rest, I am sure, will entertain you very well. I do not own my part, but to yourself, having so much business to attend at present, besides my ordinary affairs, that I am never sure of a day's time. I should have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire esteem for your friendship, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER XXIX.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

April 19, [1714.]

I MAKE use of the freedom you so obligingly allowed me, of sending you a paper of proposals for "Homer," and of intreating your assistance in promoting the subscription\*.

\* Mr. Pope began to give out subscriptions in 1713.

I have



I have added another for Mr. Pate\*, if he thinks fit to oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might.

I have left receipts signed with Mr. Jervas, who will give 'em for any subscriptions you may procure, and be (I am sure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his most humble service, and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer esteem than I, dear Sir,

Your most obliged  
and faithful servant,

A. POPE.

Pray make my most humble service acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore †.

\* Probably "Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper," mentioned as such by Swift in his "letters to Stella" Sept. 17 and Oct. 6, 1710.

† It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical knight were then upon terms of friendship, which were first broken by Sir Richard's accusing Mr. Pope of profaneness and immorality, (see his "essays," vol. ii, p. 27) on a report from Curl, that he was author of a "travestie on the first psalm." Had it not been

## LETTER XXX.

Mr. HUGHES to Sir GODFREY KNELLER\*.

SIR GODFREY,

Aug. 19, 1715.

**K**NOWING how great an admirer you are of Rubens, and of his genius for allego-

been for this, all the knight's bad poetry would scarcely have procured him a place in the "Dunciad," as in that poem the author "professed to attack no man living, who had not before printed and published against him;" and, on this principle, having ridiculed "Dr. Watts's psalms" in the first edition of that satire, those lines were, at the instance of Mr. Richardson, the painter, a friend to both, in all the subsequent editions omitted.

\* This great painter was born at Lubeck in Holstein, in 1646, and, after studying under Rembrandt in Holland, and also at Rome and Venice, came over to England in 1674, accompanied by his brother, without intending to reside here but to return through France to Venice. They were recommended to Banks, a Ham-burgh merchant, and Godfrey drew him and his family. The pictures pleased. Mr. Vernon, secretary to the duke of Mon-mouth, saw them, sat to the new painter, and obtained his master's picture by the same hand. The duke was so charmed, that he engaged the king his father to sit to Kneller. His success fixed him here. The series of his portraits prove the continuance of his reputation. . . .

He was knighted by king William in 1692, was made a baronet by George I, and died Oct. 27, 1723.

"Walpole's anecdotes of painting," vol. iii, p. 107—111.

rical

rical painting, I could not avoid thinking of you when I undertook to publish Spenser\*, who had the same genius with Rubens, and is the most painter-like poet, and the finest designer of the virtues and vices of any writer extant. As I am sure, therefore, he cannot fail entertaining you, I beg leave to make you a present of his works. I have, at the same time, taken the liberty to print you in the list with my subscribers, being very desirous that a work, which will live for ever, should be honoured with the name of the best artist our age has produced. If you will accept of this

\* There was no man at this time more equal to the task; and, on the other hand, there was no task that could have proved more acceptable to him. Spenser and Hughes seem to be allied by genius. Both great poets, both remarkable for their strict morals, both public-spirited men, both well received by the great, and yet neither of them much indebted to fortune. It was happy for the memory of Spenser, that the revival and illustration of his writings were committed to a person of such candour and capacity. It must have been a very pleasing labour to Mr. Hughes to restore the sense, to revive the honour, to repair and deck with fresh garlands the monument of so worthy a man. The spirit and elegance with which he discharged his trust, as an editor, are incontestable proofs of all that we have advanced.

Dr. Campbell. See the "Biograph. Britann." vol iv, p. 2706.

small

small testimony of the great respect with which I honour you and your art\*, you will very much oblige, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* Mr. Hughes was very desirous of paying his poetical tribute to the merit and friendship of this great painter, but was always deterred (he said) by reading Dryden's admirable poem on the same occasion. In honour of painting, as well as of music, Pope, however, entered the lists with his master Dryden, whose superiority (distinguishable as it is) is in nothing more apparent than in the choice of his subject. Pope was as unlucky in celebrating the paintings of Jervas, as he was in extolling the virtues of Bolingbroke. He composed indeed an epitaph for Kneller: but what "a falling off was there!" How inferior is that bad copy of an extravagant original, not only to Dryden and himself, but also to the elegiums which Sir Godfrey received "on the duke of Ormond's picture" from Prior, "on his picture of the king" from Addison, and "at his country-seat" from Tickell; which last Mr. Walpole has, by mistake, ascribed to Steele.

See "anecdotes of painting," vol. iii. p. 114.



LETTER XXXI.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. HUGHES,

MR. HUGHES,

Whitton \*, August 24, 1715.

I HAD your most obligin letre, with the most acceptable present of Mr. Spencer's worcks, wishing I had knowen of a subscription, and hope you will give me an opportunity of showing my obligation, and that I may deserve (in fume degree) your so favorable good opinion you have of, Sir,

Your most humble and

most obedient obliged servant,

G. KNELLER.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Binfield †, Oct. 7, 1715.

EVER since I had the pleasure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of authors, who are undesigning men

\* Near Hounslow.

† In Windsor-forest.

and

and sincere friends; and who, when they commend another, have not any view of being praised themselves. I should be therefore ashamed to offer at saying any of those civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my translation of "Homer;" only I have too great a value for you not to be pleased with them; and yet, I assure you, I receive praises from you with less pleasure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and shall (I doubt not) have frequent occasions of doing again, from those useful pieces you are still obliging us with.

If you was pleased with my preface, you have paid me for that pleasure, in the same kind, by your entertaining and judicious essays\* on Spenser. The present you make me is of the most agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenser has been ever a favourite poet to me: he is like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with 'em all.

\* "An essay on allegorical poetry," "remarks on the fairy queen," "on the shepherd's calendar, &c." prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of "Spenser's works," 1715.

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home and found your kind letter but yesterday. A testimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary estimate of letters will amount to. I shall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendship I so truly esteem, and hope very shortly to tell you, in town, how much I am, Sir,

Your obliged and faithful  
humble servant,

A. POPE.

Since you desire to hear of my progress in the translation, I must tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the second volume\*.

\* Soon after the writing this letter Mr. Pope removed from Binfield to Twickenham, from Windsor-forest to the side of the Thames, which, in a letter to Mr. Blount, he styles one of the "grand æras of his days, and a notable period in so inconsiderable a life."

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir RICHARD STEELE\* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Street, Jan. 8, 1715-16.

A PAPER called the *Town-talk* † is particularly designed to be helpful to the stage. If you have not sent the mask ‡, which is to come out on Thursday, to press, if you please to send me the copy, it shall be recommended to the town, and published on Thursday night with that paper.

Your affectionate friend  
and most humble servant,  
RICHARD STEELE.

\* Sir Richard Steele was at this time member for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

† Neither this, nor the "Theatre," nor the "Spinster," (all by the same hand) have been collected into a volume.

‡ "Apollo and Daphne," a masque, by Mr. Hughes, set to music by Dr. Pepusch. See it in his poems, vol. ii. p. 167.



## LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1716.

IT is now so long since I heard of my dear Mr. Hughes, that I am grown extremely impatient to know how you do. The thought of your frequent want of health, when we lived together, makes me often very uneasy when I think of you, and I wish you could send me such accounts of the improvement of your naturally weak constitution, that I might present you to my imagination always in perfect health. I have had more reason of late to regret my absence from you than at any time since I left you. I was all this winter in the country, within ten miles of the seat of the late rebellion, wherein a great many of my friends and acquaintances were unhappily engaged: so you'll easily imagine, that, in such a melancholy situation, I often wanted the comfort of a friend's company. You'll forgive me that I frequently wished for you, not considering that

that it might have added to your uneasiness when it lessened mine. Mr. Needler\*, under whose cover I send you this, made me hope some time ago to have heard from you, and to have received some things you have done lately. I hope now you will make good what you then intended, for I can assure you, I stand much in need of the satisfaction that any thing from you will always give me, having very few moments free from the anxious thoughts that are occasioned by the dismal circumstances in which, not only several of my nearest relations, but many of my good acquaintances here, have involved themselves. As to every other thing, I thank God, I am perfectly easy, if I could see Mr. Hughes, but since in that I cannot be happy, I must e'en make shift, as I have done hitherto, in the company of some of my friends, that are now become pretty well acquainted with you. I shall expect to hear very soon from you, and

\* Of the navy-office. He died in 1718, aged 29. A small collection of his works, in verse and prose, was published in 1724, of which there have been two editions.

I hope

I hope you will not disappoint me, for, believe me, there is nothing can give me greater satisfaction.

I am, my dearest friend,  
Your most faithful friend and servant,  
AL. BAYNE.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. BAYNE.

DEAR SIR,

[1716.]

I AM much ashamed to think how long it is since I had two very kind letters from my good friend Mr. Bayne, which have lain by me unanswered. I find that the awkwardness of confessing, and the trouble of excusing, after some time, a fault, are very apt to betray one to add to it by delays, as people that are behind-hand with their creditors, though they may be very honest, are not very forward to make up their accounts. In the first place, I must freely own, (if a general fault can excuse a particular one,) that I always  
was

was a very bad correspondent. But besides that, I think I may truly say, that a great part of the tranquillity and happiness of my life deserted me from the time that I lost the conversation of so valuable a friend. , For I have scarce ever since been free either from hurry of business at some times, or, at other times, bad health, or misfortunes. About a twelve-month since, I had the affliction to lose a very good father, and since that I have had such shocks in my weak constitution, that I thought this winter I should have followed him. Your enquiries, in your last, concerning my state of health, are so very kind and affectionate, that, for both our sakes, I am glad I can now inform you, (which I could not have done till lately) that I hope I have a comfortable prospect of getting it tolerably re-established.

I can very easily imagine the sensible impression which the calamities of many of his friends and countrymen must have made upon a good man; and I can assure you, that, during the late rebellion, my thoughts were often with you, and sympathised in that concern

V. I.

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which



which I know it must have given you. I hate that thought of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, &c. that when we ourselves are safe on the shore, we may look with pleasure on the ship which is lost in a tempest: it is at least selfish and narrow, if not barbarous and ill-natured: as it would be for a man in his senses, to look upon a madman, and to see the ruins of reason, without some pity and fellow-feeling of the sufferings of his species.

I am sure, you cannot more frequently or more ardently have wished for my company, than I have done, and do still for yours. Whether it is that a long course of ill health has made me more humourfome, and lessened my taste of common diversions and acquaintance, but I assure you, I find very few whose conversation and temper can afford me that satisfaction which, I think, I could always have in yours. If I am at all known in your part of the world (as you tell me in one of your letters) and you have taught some of your friends to think kindly of me, I impute it all to your affection for me, and am glad to have that  
mark

mark of it. I have likewise some friends here, whom I have made acquainted with you, and who, upon occasion, indulge me in the liberty of talking my whole heart of you, and, I believe, do not like me the worse for it.— Among some of these I lately met with a gentleman of your country, who knows you, and was a very good voucher to the company for what I asserted. The gentleman I mean is Mr. Strahan\*, of the pay-office at the horse-guards, who appears to me to be a sensible and a good-natured man, and of whom I hear a worthy character.

Though you mention nothing of your lady in your last letter, you may be sure I have not forgotten (though I may have forgiven) the person who was the occasion of our separation and your happiness. I have been looking over afresh the letter you wrote to me just before your marriage: it was the greatest com-

\* Since that time known to the learned world by his translation of the "*Æneid of Virgil*" into blank verse, in the last books of which he was assisted by Mr. Dobson, the translator of "*Milton*." He died about four years ago, in a very advanced age.

pliment you could make me at that time, to mingle my friendship with an affair so much at your heart: and since you flattered me then, that she seemed to have some regard to my opinion of you, and kept my letter, to produce it, as you say, if there should be occasion, it is time now to challenge her upon that head, and ask her, Whether she has not found I was in the right? I am not ashamed that a testimony under my hand is standing out on this matter, and am in no pain about her answer,

Though I have mentioned some reasons of my long silence already, yet, after all, I should have writ much sooner, if I had not designed you a small parcel as well as a letter, and stayed to make some addition to it. One thing was, that I hoped, by this time, I should have been able to have sent you a tragedy \* which I have under my hands, and which (if I had not been hindered by illness) I had designed for the stage this winter. But I have yet only been able to finish four acts of it, and must now defer it till the next winter. The “Spenser’s

\* The “Siege of Damascus.”

works" is a set I had laid by for myself, and which I now rather chuse to send in pasteboards than stay for the binding, and lose the opportunity which Mr. Needler tells me he has of conveyance. Sir Richard Blackmore, with whom I have often talked of you, gave me, some time ago, the small edition of his "Prince Arthur" for you: and I have added a small collection of papers\*, by the same hand, which were published in single half-sheets (like the *Spectator*) but with no great success, the town having been before too long entertained in the same way. There are some discourses, which, I believe, will amuse you. You may be sure, on such an occasion, I could not be wholly unconcerned, though I was not in the secret till the first paper was printed. I will therefore own to you (what I would not have commonly known) that the character of Ned Freeman, and all the Friday's papers, were mine. It is certain, that though this project did not succeed like the *Spectator*, it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued

\* The "Lay-Monastery." See letter xxvii. p. 82.

with



with-moderate success, if Sir R. had not been weary and dropped it. ....

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Mrs. BRIDGES\*.

London, August 22, 1716.

I WISH I were capable of acknowledging the favours, for which I am a debtor to Mrs. Bridges, in any proportion to the sense I have of them, and of the very handsome and friendly manner in which they are bestowed. It is a very great pleasure to receive obligations, when they flow from persons to whom we would wish to be obliged, and whose friendship and esteem is a real happiness. In this case, if it is not a testimony to our merit, yet it is at least an incitement to endeavour more to deserve it ; and it is often seen, that the approbation of worthy

\* The wife of — Bridges, esq; surveyor-general of the ordnance.

persons

persons is a means of making us more worthy of that approbation. I am in the less concern about what is out of my power, the making any return besides this acknowledgment, because I remember a nice observation of the duke de Rochefoucault, "That too much solicitude to acquit one's self of an obligation is at the bottom but a refined sort of ingratitude." I am, therefore very easy under a debt which I do not pretend to repay.

In some of our conversations at Wallington, which I think had a very agreeable mixture and relief of mirth and seriousness, I had the satisfaction of observing, Madam, that my thoughts then agreed with yours, on subjects of consequence which have been long disputed among us, and in which it is almost a general fashion to declare on the uncharitable side. This has given me occasion to search after a small pamphlet \*,

\* Entitled, "A review of the case of Ephraim and Judah, and its application to the church of England and the dissenters. In a letter to Dr. Willis, dean of Lincoln, occasioned by his thanksgiving sermon, preached before her majesty at St. Paul's, on the 23d of August, 1705." Printed in the year 1705.

which

which I published some time ago, and in which I endeavoured, as clearly as I could, to express my thoughts at that time, and I shall be glad if it gives you any satisfaction. I send it the rather, that, (though you may perhaps think I have been too much an author) you may see, I have not always trifled in the choice of my subjects; for, I am sure, whoever can help to settle this controversy on a right footing, will do the nation a very good service. After all the enquiries that I have been able to make, I cannot but think that they only are in the wrong, on either side, who are too positive that the others are so, since the difference is very little between them. If there are two roads from this place to Wallington, though the one perhaps is the more commodious and frequented, and what I would chuse, and the other not bad, or much out of the way; yet why are not both right, and what need is there to quarrel about the matter? Methinks, this is so easy a way of solving the question, that it is strange any one should miss it. It puts me in mind of Fontenelle's comparing our search after truth to blind-man's buff; she often  
comes

comes in our way, and we sometimes lay hold of her, and let her go again, and do not know it : but it is no wonder, since we put the handkerchief over our own eyes, and make it to be a play in the dark.

Since I am troubling you with a packet, give me leave to add to it a collection of poems \*, which perhaps you have not seen; the publisher has given me too much a place in it, but there are some pieces by other hands (particularly that on the duke of Marlborough †) which I need not fear to recommend to your perusal. . . . .

You see, Madam, my letter is a kind of visit, which I am loth to conclude; but it is time to beg pardon, and to tell you that I am, with very great respect, Madam,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* Poems and translations, printed for Pemberton, 1714.

† "A Pindaric ode," by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."



My humble service to Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Sabet\*. May I venture to point out to her a comment on that verse † in Deuteronomy, mentioned by her friend, the bishop? I mean a letter ‡ in the *Spectator*, vol. ii, numb. 104. I own it is mine, so that if there be any heresy in it, I shall be a very persisting heretic, if she cannot convert me.

# LETTER XXXVII.

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq; (Poet-laureat §)  
to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Covent-garden, Oct. 22, 1716.

**A**S you were so good formerly to promise me a little of your poetical assistance, you can

\* Sarah-Elizabeth.

† Chap. xxii, ver. 5. "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, &c."

‡ On riding-habits for ladies.

§ So appointed by king George I. on his accession, and well deserving of the laurel for his dramatic writings. He also was secretary of the presentations to lord chancellor Parker. He died Dec. 6, 1718.

never

never give it me at a time when it will be more useful than now. I beg you will be so good as to think of some words for Mr. Eccles and the new year. The entertainment is not to consist of above half an hour in time at most. Three or four airs, with some little recitative between, is what the composer will be glad of, I need not tell you, you are the fittest man in the world for this occasion, by your equal knowledge of music and poetry. I will only beg you now, for friendship's sake, to have compassion on, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and  
faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE\*.

\* Considering the humane and friendly disposition of Mr. Hughes, it is probable, that, in compliance with this request, the new year's ode for 1717 was written by him. Though Cibber, most certainly, disclaimed all assistance, it was not unusual for his predecessors to call in auxiliaries on such occasions. The new year's ode for 1720 was, in like manner, written by George Jeffreys, esq; at the request of Mr. Eusden, his fellow-collegian, then poet-laureat.

"The above letter," says a very judicious writer, "does great honour to Mr. Hughes: it shows that his parts were

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Bishop HOADLY\*.

MY LORD,

London, July 12, 1717.

I KNOW not whether I am not to beg pardon for what † I send your lordship. It was

“ confessed, and at the same time his capacity esteemed, not  
“ only by those who were the best judges, but by those, who,  
“ if his candour and friendly turn had not been to the full as  
“ conspicuous as his abilities, would very probably have confi-  
“ dered him as a rival.”

See “ Biographia Britann.” vol. iv, p. 2707.

\* The best elogium on this great prelate (successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester) is the list of his writings in defence of civil and religious liberty, communicated to the authors of “ Biograph. Britann.” by his son, the present chancellor of the diocese of Winchester. He died in 1761, aged 85.

† A pamphlet, entitled, “ A layman’s thoughts on the late treatment of the bishop of Bangor, in the charge made against him by Dr. Snape, and undertaken to be proved by the bishop of Carlisle [Dr. Nicholson.] In a letter to the bishop of Carlisle.” Printed in 1717.

See the “ Bangorian controversy,” vol. ii.

written

written (after a very imperfect manner) during a great indisposition. Whether it was worth publishing, I cannot tell; and I think, however, I should not desire to be known to your lordship in it, but only to show you, that (even under the uneasiness of a fever) I could not sit still, and think myself unconcerned, whilst a person, whom I much honour, was so barbarously treated. I heartily congratulate your triumph over your enemies, and wish you all the better rewards due to your great virtue, goodness, and public spirit.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor COWPER.\*.

MY LORD,

September 27, 1717.

I HAD the pleasure, before I left Hertingfordbury, of being informed by Mr. Hughes †, that your lordship had very kindly discoursed with him about me, and in such a manner as lays me under the highest obligations. I esteem every opportunity your lordship has been pleased to allow me of waiting on you as a very great honour; but the generous concern you have expressed for my welfare, is a di-

\* Sir William Cowper was appointed lord keeper of the great seal in 1705, was created a baron in 1706, and in 1707 was appointed lord chancellor, which post he held till the change of the ministry in 1710. On the accession of king George I. he was again appointed lord chancellor, and on his resigning the great seal in 1717-18, he was created an earl. His public character is well known. His taste and private virtues will appear from these letters. His lordship died in 1723. The present earl is his grand-son.

† Judge-advocate.

inction I am proud of; and it is with pleasure I can now think of every disappointment I have met with elsewhere, if it is a means of giving me a place in your lordship's thoughts. I beg leave to say, that as every favour will be doubled to me, by the satisfaction of owing it to that hand from which I would most desire to receive it; so the particular manner in which your lordship has thought of me, is what I shall esteem a very great addition to it. I am sure, it will always give me the ambition of appearing, in all possible instances of duty and respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES\*.

\* Soon after this, the lord chancellor (without any previous solicitation) appointed Mr. Hughes his secretary for the commissions of the peace.

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† Judge-advocate,

function I am proud of; and it is with pleasure I can now think of every disappointment I have met with elsewhere, if it is a means of giving me a place in your lordship's thoughts. I beg leave to say, that as every favour will be doubled to me, by the satisfaction of owing it to that hand from which I would most desire to receive it; so the particular manner in which your lordship has thought of me, is what I shall esteem a very great addition to it. I am sure, it will always give me the ambition of appearing, in all possible instances of duty and respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES\*.

\* Soon after this, the lord chancellor (without any previous solicitation) appointed Mr. Hughes his secretary for the commissions of the peace.



## LETTER XL.

Bishop HOADLY to Lord CADOGAN\*.

MY LORD,

April 19, 1718.

**I**F I did not know your readiness to oblige, I would not trouble you in this manner. Mr. Hughes, whom your lordship was formerly inclined to serve, upon my recommendation, is in fear of losing a pretty good place, which the late lord chancellor had but just given him, viz. "the office of secretary to the commissions of the peace." I cannot forbear to intercede with you, that you would be so good as to write a letter by him, before you leave England, to the new lord chancellor, if he be fixed, to engage him to continue Mr. Hughes

\* This nobleman, who had served with great reputation under the duke of Marlborough, being second in command of the English forces, was, a few days after the date of this letter, created an earl, with limitation of the barony to his brother, the present lord: he was then just setting out on an embassy to Brussels, where he made his public entry on the king's birth-day, and in 1720 signed the quadruple alliance. He died in 1726.

in the same office. He is worthy of all your regard, a firm friend to the administration, a very ingenious man, and exceedingly beloved by all that know him. I hope, you know me enough to think I would not mention any thing to you which I did not esteem it for your honour to interest yourself in. And therefore I again intreat this of you.

I am glad of this opportunity of congratulating you upon your new honour; of wishing you a good voyage, all success, and every thing equal to your wishes, and to your merit; and above all, a safe and happy return to us; and of assuring you that I am, with a respect and gratitude equal to the obligations I have received from you,

My lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

BENJ. BANGOR\*

\* The above was not delivered, letter xlii being fully sufficient to answer the purpose here intended.

## LETTER XLI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, May, 1718.

**T**HOUGH I cannot help joining with the general voice in lamenting, with much concern, the loss the public has sustained in your lordship's quitting that great trust, which never has, nor can be placed in more worthy hands than your lordship's; yet I think it my duty, at the same time, to congratulate your lordship on your being honourably eased from a very great burden; the constant fatigue of which must have made it uneasy, and might have proved prejudicial to your health. Your lordship has been seen to act in every thing with that prudence, mature thought, and equal temper, that, I am sure, the resolution you had taken must have been founded on the best reasons; and I most zealously and sincerely wish your lordship all the satisfaction in the consequences of it which you can expect or desire.

I never

I never can express to your lordship the half of what I feel, as often as I think of your very generous and distinguishing favours to me; all the circumstances of which will ever leave on my mind the most grateful impressions. I esteem that short space of my life, in which I had the honour to attend your lordship, as one of the happiest parts of it; and if I cannot avoid, on this occasion, having a proportionable concern, yet to your lordship, who has shown so very humane and tender a regard to my welfare, I think myself obliged in duty to declare, that I have no regret for any consequences to myself, so much as that of being deprived of the satisfaction of being near your lordship, and the frequent opportunities of being honoured with a conversation filled with goodness and condescension, and every thing that could render it valuable and agreeable.

I wish your lordship increase of health and happiness, and with the most dutiful regards to your lordship and my lady Cowper,

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

Q<sub>2</sub>

LETTER



## LETTER XLII.

Earl COWPER to Lord Chancellor PARKER\*.

MY LORD,

May, 1718.

OF the many that were losers by my resigning the great seal, I shall venture to recommend but one gentleman to your lordship, the bearer, Mr. John Hughes, who served for some little time in the office of secretary for the commissions of the peace; and I should not do that, but for two reasons; the one, that he had hardly served long enough to make him amends for preparing himself to execute that trust; the other, that I am convinced, from the little time he did serve, that your lordship, if you continue him in that service, will thank me for having recommended him;

\* Created earl of Macclesfield in 1721. He held the great seal till the year 1724, and died in 1732. The present earl is his grandson.

and your so doing will be also a very great obligation on, My lord,

Your lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

COWPER.

I most heartily wish your lordship much joy.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

August 5, 1718.

**H**AVING just met with the inclosed verses, which have been but lately dispersed, I think them so very good, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of sending them to your lordship, who perhaps may not yet have seen them. I am informed they were written by Mr. Welsted, a gentleman I have heard mentioned by Sir Richard Steele, as a promising genius; and who has written some few short poems before, but is little known\*.

\* If Mr. Welsted had written nothing else, or, at least, if he had not offended Mr. Pope, by his "Triumvirate" and other satires, he

It was a double mortification to me, that my illness prevented my paying my duty to your lordship when you were lately in town. I am going next week to get a recruit of Surry air, and to try the daily exercise of a horse on the downs, which I hope will qualify me in a little time for a journey into Hertfordshire.

I think I have found two good pictures, which will fit the places your lordship would have supplied, and which your lordship may have at any time, if you approve them. I saw the pictures mentioned by Mr. Woodford, but do not think there are any your lordship would like. . . . .

I am,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

he would never have been pilloried in the "Dunciad" in that celebrated parody on Sir John Denham,

" Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer,

" Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;

" So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;

" Heady, not strong, and foaming, though not full."

The

The GENIUS.

An ODE, written in 1717, on occasion of the  
Duke of Marlborough's lethargy.

1.

AWFUL hero, Marlbrô, rise !  
Sleepy charms I come to break ;  
Hither turn thy languid eyes ;  
Lo ! thy genius calls ; awake !

2.

Well survey this faithful plan,  
Which records thy life's great story ;  
'Tis a short but crowded span,  
Full of triumphs, full of glory !

3.

One by one thy deeds review !  
Sieges, battles, thick appear ;  
Former wonders, lost in new,  
Greatly fill each pompous year.

4.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,  
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !  
Here retiring squadrons yield,  
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

5. Pon-



5.

Ponder in thy godlike mind  
All the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,  
Be the subject of thy thought!

6.

Rest thee here, while life may last:  
Th' utmost bliss to man allow'd,  
Is to trace his actions past,  
And to own them great and good.

7.

But 'tis gone—O mortal-born!  
Swift the fading scenes remove—  
Let them pass with noble scorn;  
Thine are worlds which roll above.

8.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,  
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foresee;  
Men, who acted wond'rous things,  
Though they yield in fame to thee.

9.

Foremost in the patriot band,  
Shining with distinguish'd day,  
See, thy friend, Godolphin, stand!  
See! he beckons thee away.

10. Yon-

Yonder seats and fields of light  
 Let thy ravish'd thought explore;  
 Wishing, panting for thy flight,  
 Half an angel, man no more!

## LETTER XLIV.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Colegreen\*, Aug. 9, 1718.

I GIVE you many thanks for yours of the 5th instant, with the very excellent verses of an uncommon kind. It puzzled us here in the country to reconcile the 3d stanza, which prepares for a particular enumeration of the duke's actions, with the 4th, which mentions only two, and no more are enumerated after. But, I take it, the genius is supposed, after mentioning "Blenheim," to see in the plan "the bloodless wreath," and thinking that now most fit for the duke to dwell upon, alters his

\* Near Hertford.

design of pointing to his deeds one by one, and proceeds immediately to give him the exhortation which follows. There is one Mr. Welsted, reader of the Charter-house, who is said to have wit in conversation: I cannot tell whether he, or another, be the Welsted you mention as the author.

If the learned have advised you to take the air on the downs of Surry, as particularly good for your case, I have nothing to say, but submit, and hope you'll believe, there is good reason for that advice; but if otherwise, I wish you had tried Hertfordshire air at first, where you and your horse should have been very welcome: or you might have used any of mine, if they pleased you better. It is certain you cannot do better than to use gentle riding. I will only desire leave to add to the prescription, that you will admit of as much idleness and vacancy from hard thinking, as you possibly can. I most earnestly wish you perfect success, and am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

COWPER.

LETTER

## LETTER XLV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, Aug. 12, 1718.

WITH the greatest satisfaction I return your lordship my most humble acknowledgements for the honour of your letter, and am extremely glad the verses I sent were so acceptable. This has given me occasion to enquire after what I could farther meet with of the same hand, and thought now to have sent your lordship the author's first fruits. I find, he mentions an "ode to the king," which I am sorry I cannot yet procure. The person your lordship has heard of, though a "man of wit in conversation," will not be suspected, among those who know him, for panegyrics of this kind; his sentiments and principles being of a different turn. - What I have heard of this gentleman is, that he is a young man whom Sir Richard Steele some time ago professed to patronise and encourage, and used to recommend among his acquaintance. I find



the "verses on the duke of Marlborough" are hitherto very little dispersed; and I wish the author were acquainted with your lordship's very just remark on the 3d and 4th stanzas. Perhaps placing the 3d stanza after the 4th might obviate the objection.

Your lordship's very kind invitation is the best recommendation to me of Hertfordshire air, and will engage me to shorten my intended stay in Surry. I am extremely happy in having leave to increase a debt, which it will be always the highest honour and pleasure to me to own. And if any thing could make me more partial yet to my own welfare, it is that your lordship does me the honour to express yourself concerned in it. I am, with all possible ties of duty and zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER XLVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

Colegreen, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE great reason to think it will be a satisfaction to your lordship to have some account of the progress of my health since your lordship's going to town. I thank God, my fever is quite off, (I hope past danger of a return,) and I am as much better for the time as can possibly be expected. I have recovered a tolerable appetite, and feel an accession of strength every day. As I cannot but have the utmost regard to all your lordship's commands, which are so kindly intended for my good, I have not changed my lodging, but am going on here in a regular course of few medicines, and moderate exercise; and have good encouragement to hope I shall soon satisfy my doctor, that this air is not less restorative than the downs of Surry.

And

And now that I have time to look back on my past suffering, I am very much concerned and ashamed at the trouble it gave your lordship: but when I recollect the experience I had, on that occasion, of your lordship's exceeding humanity, and the inexpressible relief it was to me, under extreme pain, and apprehensions of the worst consequences, my heart is melted, and it is not in the power of words to show the sense I have of it. I can truly say, that, after a long course of ill health and misfortune, which had almost made me indifferent to every thing, it was your lordship's very kind notice of me, that first made life more desirable; and I shall think it one of the greatest pleasures of it, whilst it lasts, to employ it in all the returns of duty and thankfulness to your lordship, which are within my poor ability. I beg that (with my most humble duty) my lady Cowper may know how troublesome a guest I have been, and that, though, it happened in her ladyship's absence, I have not wanted any thing necessary or convenient. I have begun to call in music in aid of my cure, and sometimes have tried the harpsichord,

chord, but it will make no harmony in the absence of that hand it has been used so absolutely to obey. I wish your lordship much prosperity in your new habitation†, and am, with very many obligations,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

I SEND you a small piece of history\*, so excellently well written, and by so honest a pen, that I presume it will not be unacceptable to your

\* "The history of the revolutions in Portugal. By the Abbé Vertot. Printed for Samuel Buckley, 1712." To this curious piece of history, (written in a very particular manner, and with equal vivacity of style and sentiment) Mr. H. did so much justice, that the translation was as well received in England as the work itself had been in France. See "Jacob's lives of the poets," vol. i, p. 81. By some accident it was not published till after Mr. Hughes's death.

† In Lincoln's-inn-fields.

lord-



lordship, even in the translation. I do not set my name to it, but your lordship is so many ways entitled to any thing in which I am concerned, that I am glad to take any opportunity of expressing my grateful sense of all your favours, and with what profound veneration I am,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

O<sup>a</sup>. 25, 1718.

.....**H**AVING mentioned to your lordship a dialogue\* in the manner of Lucian, written by Mr. Walsh, I send the “miscellaneous †” in which only, I think, it was

\* “Æsculapius, or the hospital of fools.” This is justly esteemed not inferior to any thing transmitted to us from the ancients.

† Poems and translations, printed for Pemberton in the year 1714.

ever

ever printed. I have indeed some difficulty in putting a book into your lordship's hands, in which the publisher has given me too large a share, and inserted some trifles of mine, which were very young performances. But I can, without reserve, recommend the "ode on the duke of Marlborough," which I believe your lordship will think is a very fine piece of poetry. I am informed, it was given to the publisher by Sir Samuel Garth, from a hand that would be concealed\*. That of Prior's †, I look upon to be one of his best performances, though (for what reason I know not) he has omitted it in the late edition of his poems. There is likewise a short "ode of Horace" (to Mæcenas) which, I remember, was translated many years ago by Mr. Gilbert ‡,

\* This ode was written by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

† Imitated from "Horace, book iii, ode 2," and written in the year 1692. This ode is in honour of king William, but when Mr. Prior published his poems (as above-mentioned) he had changed his opinion of men and measures.

‡ See letter vii.

V. I.

S

(now

(now chief baron in Ireland) and I think is done with very great elegance and correctness. I believe, these, and some few others in this collection, may be entertaining, though your lordship never wants employment for your leisure hours. I find the town in expectation of my play \*this winter, which awakens in me the fears of an author, though I have endeavoured to make it more pardonable by some alterations†. But I am undetermined about it, till I have the honour to wait on my lady Cowper. When her ladyship thinks it may seasonably appear upon the stage, I shall think so too, and not before; and could only wish that the juncture, which, on other accounts, is so much to be desired, and could best favour it, were at hand.—But I beg pardon for the length of this letter, and am, with the greatest regard and duty, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* The "Siege of Damascus."

† These alterations were insisted on by the players, with a fantastic view of exalting the character of Phocyas; but that of Eudocia is in the same proportion degraded, her violent resentment and utter rejection of her lover being, as the play now stands, unreasonable.

LETTER

## LETTER XLIX.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen, Nov. 2, 1718.

I BEGAN to be in fear for you; but I thank you for comforting me by yours of the 25th of last month, by which I find you as well as you can expect, on first coming to the air of London. I am, on farther consideration, still more assured, that the thing you principally have to attend to, is the endeavouring to breed as little phlegm as possible, which, I guess, must be by taking care of your digestion, by all the means you can think of. I desire you to believe me, when I tell you, that you are the first I ever ventured to write to advice of this kind: I believe, it is because I find more motives than usual to wish you a long and prosperous life. The miscellanies you are so kind as to send me, please me in more places than those you recommend. I perfectly agree with you in what you think of the "ode on the duke of Marlborough," and I must

S 2

confess,



confess, I taste "Dr. Pope's ballad\*," as my acquaintance Mr. Henley† did. My wife saith, she is much obliged to you for the compliment you make to her on the subject of your play, and that she shall be ready to speak with you upon it whenever you please,

I am, with great truth,  
Sir, your very faithful humble servant,  
COWPER.

\* "The Salisbury ballad, with the learned commentaries of a friend to the author's memory," written by Dr. Walter Pope, author of the "Old man's wish," who lived with Dr. Ward, then bishop of Salisbury. "This poem" (says the editor) "was given me in manuscript by my worthy friend Anthony Henley, esq; who used to call it his 'favourite,' for the humour and simplicity of it, and its delicate raillery on the Dutch commentators. I think, indeed, his judgment was as right in that, as it was in every thing else relating to poetry and criticism."

† Of the Grange in Hampshire, grandfather to the present earl of Northington.

LETTER

## LETTER L.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

November 4, 1718.

I CANNOT but take the first opportunity to acknowledge the very welcome favour I received yesterday of your lordship's letter, as the greatest pleasure I have tasted since my coming to town. I look upon my fears to trouble your lordship with an account of myself sooner as part of my distemper, which, for some days, had given me apprehensions I was unwilling too hastily to make known to your lordship; having observed that my illness came upon me in the same manner, and with the same symptoms, as last winter: but, I thank God, those apprehensions are now removed; my illness being very much abated for about a week, so that I have been able to go abroad; and the continual wasting by phlegm being moderated, I find that my strength daily increases; so that I am convinced, that your lordship judges very truly of my case, and I cannot

cannot be enough thankful for your kind advice. I ought likewise to acquaint your lordship, that I have followed the exercise you were pleased to recommend, with some benefit already, and am in hopes of farther success. It would be very idle in me to trouble your lordship so frequently with the history of my infirmities, if I had not experienced, with the greatest delight, that to the favours for which I am indebted to your lordship, you are pleased to add so great a seasoning of tenderness, that I cannot but esteem this beyond all other obligations: and I ought, in duty, to let your lordship know, that your intention in it, of doing me good, is not without its effect; for I have never found any cordial so reviving to my spirits, as this has been, and always is, to my mind.

I am, with the greatest gratitude,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER LI.

JOHN ALLEN, Esq \*; to Mr. DUNCOMBE †.

Dublin, Easter, 1719.

— I WILL venture to affirm that the passion we call pity, is in no part of the creation but the two-legged animal; the tenderness and care of beasts and birds to preserve their brood is quite out of the question, and I begin to think the effects you contend for, are hardly natural, I am sure they are very inconvenient:

Since pity is accompany'd with pain;  
Why should I ease by your affliction gain?

\* A friend and contemporary of the earl of Dorset, sir Charles Sedley, &c. in king Charles the II's reign, and the only son of John Allen, esq; of Gretton in Northamptonshire. He died at Dublin in 1720, aged 75.

† Younger son of John Duncombe, esq; of Stocks in Hertfordshire. He died Feb. 26, 1769, aged 79.



It would please me to hear of madam Gyllenborg\* and her sweet child †. I fancy her count is in some danger, since king George has reached baron Gortz at Stockholm ‡.

You make flight of Ormond's giving us a visit. It is well if you are prepared for him; for, I believe, he will have the manners to see our betters first. But, for your comfort, no king and parliament were ever beaten; I mean entirely subdued; unless I am mistaken in Richard III. I think I am not; the parliament, I believe, was not sitting when Richmond landed.

\* Niece to Mr. Allen, first married to Elias Deritt, esq; and after his death to count Gyllenborg, ambassador from Sweden.

† Miss Deritt, who was afterwards created by the queen of Sweden countess Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

‡ Immediately after the death of Charles XII. at Fredrickshall, December 11, 1718, baron Gortz, his prime-minister, was arrested, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the senate with all the oppressive measures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swedish conspiracy against George I. in the year 1716, baron Gortz, at the desire of that prince, had been arrested at the Hague, and at the same time count Gyllenborg was seized and sent out of England.

When

When I was young, I admired M. Dacier as much as you can do, and perhaps despised Scaliger more. I have lived to change my mind, and am almost of the contrary opinion. —What fort of play is that which has for name “Busiris, king of Egypt? \*” Under what difficulties must an author bring himself, who takes his subject as high as the contemporary of Hercules? The “chit-chat†” is come to us with a character it by no means deserves. How could it find audiences for ten days? The writer of “Raleigh ‡” is something of a scholar, and has a great deal of good diction, but is by no means a “play-writer.” But I write to you what you should write to

Your affectionate humble servant,

J. ALLEN.

\* A tragedy, by Dr. Young.

† A comedy by Thomas Killegrew, esq; gentleman of the bed-chamber to the prince of Wales. So strongly was the author's interest supported by his friends, that the profits were said to have amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. “Companion to the play-house, vol. i.”

‡ “Sir Walter Raleigh,” a tragedy, by Dr. Sewell.

V. I.

T

LETTER

LETTER LH.

MR. ALLEN to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Dublin, May 19, 1719.

I BELIEVE, your ingenious friend, who says, I was born *melioribus annis*, means only that I am an old man; and he is in the right. *Vixi cum quibus*, modestly says Horace: but in another place,

— Me

*Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque  
Invidia* —

I cannot help remarking, that though he writes to the great Mæcenas, he neither means him, nor any of the court of Augustus, but Brutus and the true lovers of liberty. . . .

I should be mightily pleased with what Mr. Hughes has essayed upon Lucian\*, and have a value for what I know of him. I wish also to

\* "Charen, or the ferry-boat, a vision," first printed in the year 1718, with a dedication to the "Swiss Count" [Heidegger,] which,

see the French *Œdipus* [by Voltaire.] The man who arrogantly contemns the ancients, will easily be brought to defy the gods. Though, I think, there are as shocking expressions in Sophocles and Dryden. "*Busiris*" is reprinted here. Nothing can be more like those monstrous scenes than those monstrous hangings. I will only add what the most correct Virgil says on the subject,

*Quis illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?*

Yet, I must own, I approve "the tall white plume," like a "high-wrought foam." That bursts out like Homer or Milton. But the man this new writer seems to imitate is Dr. Blackmore; whether by choice, or chance, I know not. The celebrated "moon-simile" is scandalously stolen from Lee's "*Mithridates*," and somewhere from Mr. Addison.

Looking for some papers last night, I found a few lines written on an annually-returning occasion (now at hand) which makes the

which, from prudential reasons, is omitted in Mr. Hughes's works, though it contained a satirical vision, no less entertaining and instructive than the little piece to which it is prefixed.



attempt a little difficult. King George was born, in 1660, the day before the 29th of May, the restoration of king Charles the second. The whole epigrammatic force is, "One is better than t'other." There is history enough for the birth of Alexander, and the burning of Diana's temple.

Helper divine, Diana, here on earth,  
Neglects all objects for young Ammon's birth,  
Anxious from stately Ephesus retires,  
And leaves her temple to devouring fires.  
So, whilst our blessing yet lay unreveal'd,  
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,  
Sophia was the charge of every star ;  
No less employ was Providence's care :  
Britannia lab'ring, with convulsions torn,  
Charles could not be restor'd, till George was  
born.

J. ALLEN.

LETTER

## LETTER LIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, June 2, 1719.

AFTER a short unsuccessful trial of the air, in which I have been followed with some bad visits of my old fever, I returned to town this afternoon in tolerable health, and met with a very welcome cordial, your lordship's kind letter. I am often out of countenance, when I reflect how much trouble my almost constant indisposition occasions to my friends; but the truly affectionate part your lordship condescends to take in what relates to me and my little concerns, is no small support to me under it, and one of the greatest satisfactions I have to think upon in life. I most heartily return your lordship thanks both for your advice and invitation. As I hope to spend but little of this season in town, I believe I am under a necessity of having recourse to asses milk, and the air of Carshalton, to which I am advised, and where I found great benefit the  
last

last year : but having more of the summer now before me, I hope I shall be able, in some time, to wait on your lordship in a better state of health than I have hitherto done, and to improve it with the pleasures of Colegreen, of which I cannot help thinking as a sort of home, since I am always sure to meet there with the greatest indulgence, in the kindest of patrons and best of friends.

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER LIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor PARKER.

MY LORD,

**W**HILST your lordship's time has been so much engaged, I durst not allow myself to break in upon it with any trifles of mine ; but now you will have some recess, I shall be proud if your lordship will let this small poem \*

\* "An ode to the Creator of the world, occasioned by the "fragments of Orpheus;" printed for Tonson in the year 1713, and reprinted in Mr. Hughes's poems, vol. ii, p. 79. This ode is

wait on you for an audience, at some leisure hour in the country. It was written several years ago, when I had better health, for endeavours of this kind, than for some time of late, and was published at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, for whose judgment, I know, your lordship has a very just esteem: and as my friends have persuaded me to think this the most pardonable of my errors in print, I could not but be desirous of making it known to your lordship, who, perhaps, may not have seen it at its first publication.

The greatest incitement to attempts of this kind (which have always something ambitious in them) is the approbation of persons of the first character in the age. Your lordship's extensive genius has not more made you a judge of all the various improvements and productions the mind of man is capable of, than your goodness and humanity incline you to be an encourager of whatever is praiseworthy, or has even the merit of being well

mentioned with applause in the "Spectator," vol. vii, numb. 537 and 554.

attempted.



attempted. I cannot, on this occasion, but applaud my own happiness, in the station I have the honour to be placed in, which gives me the pleasure of contemplating so many great talents, and such excellent virtues. And it is a double satisfaction to me to think, that I owe the favour I have received from your lordship, not only to the recommendation of your lordship's great and worthy predecessor, (to whom I have the highest obligations) but likewise to your own free and ready inclination; so ready and generous, as to meet my request, and almost prevent my asking. So valuable a circumstance in your lordship's favourable regard to me at first, and your constant kindness since, will engage my utmost zeal to approve myself,

My lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER LV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

Part of a letter.

MY LORD,

London, June 20, 1719.

..... SINCE my last to your lordship my fever has been pretty severe, and has wholly confined me to my own house, but is at last abated, by the drinking of asses milk twice a day, after the bark had failed; so that I think I am now on the mending hand, but have not yet been fit for any journey farther than to Earl's-court\*. In a week or ten days, I hope to remove further, and to pursue the most probable methods to which I am directed for my recovery.

I condole with your lordship the loss of that fine genius Mr. Addison†. I shall often now

\* Sir Richard Blackmore's.

† He died at Holland-house near Kensington, in the 54th year of his age, three days before the date of this letter.

V. I.

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think

think of that topic, from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undistinguished person, who bewails himself on the shortness of life and the certain prospect of death :

*Lumina sic etiam Solis bonus Ancus reliquit,  
Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus.  
Adde repertores doctrinarum atq; leporum,  
Adde Heliconiadum comites —  
Tu vero dubitabis & indignabere obire?*

Dryden, as I remember, has finely translated this, but I cannot recollect the lines \*.

\* They are as follows:

“ Ancus, thy better far, was born to die,  
“ And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality †?  
.....  
“ The founders of invented arts are lost,  
“ And wits who made eternity their boast.  
.....  
“ And thou, dost thou, disdain to yield thy breath,  
“ Whose very life is little more than death ?”

† Mr. Pope has borrowed these two lines in his “translation of  
“ the Iliad, b. xxi.” substituting only “ Patroclus” for “Ancus”  
in the speech of Achilles to Lycaon.

I am

I am not capable of writing your lordship any particulars of the action in Scotland\*, not knowing any thing but by the public news. I wish your lordship and family much health, and am, with the greatest zeal,

My lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

I have not yet been able to obey my lady Cowper's commands in seeing Sir Godfrey Kneller, but can assure her ladyship that the book in the picture is taken care of.

\* Among other schemes of Alberoni, one was to procure a diversion of the troops from England to the north of Scotland, where a detachment of 300 Spaniards were to land with some of the rebel lords [Seaforth, Marshal, and Tullibardin] who were to head their clans and followers there in a rebellion; and for that purpose they brought with them arms for 2000 men. The Spanish lieutenant-colonel, who commanded this detachment, being assured that he would be joined by 2000 rebels in arms as soon as he landed, finding himself disappointed, was for returning in the frigates that brought him. A few of the clans, however, joined him, and they pretended to defend two passes, that of Glenshill and that of Strachell, against major-general Wightman, who was advancing at the head of a body of regular troops to dislodge them, which he did (June 10) with an inconsiderable loss. Next day, the

Spanish



## LETTER LVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

Wallington\*, August 30, 1719.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordship and lady Cowper for many kind enquiries after my health : I wish I had been in a condition sooner to have given your lordship some account of it, but indeed I have been brought so low with my asthma, and a continual lurking fever, and have lain so long in a languishing state, that I cannot say, till very lately, I have had any thoughts of a recovery ; and I am sensible it is still very uncertain, so that, at best, I do not now flatter myself so much with the hopes of being well, as of modera-

Spanish party surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion, and delivered up their arms; and thus ended this attempt, the success of which depended chiefly on that of the invasion of England, which had before been defeated by a violent storm which dispersed and disabled the Spanish fleet of men of war and transports (with the duke of Ormond and 6000 troops on board) off Cape Finisterre.

" Mod. univ. hist. vol. xv, p. 561-2.

\* Near Carlhalton, the seat of Mr. Bridges,

ting

ting my distemper so as to be tolerably ill; which, in chronical cases, of so long continuance as mine, is the most, I believe, that can reasonably be expected.

I have been very desirous to make the experiment of this air, which is many ways recommended to me, and of gentle exercise: and these I have looked upon as my last reserve. But I had unhappily lost the greatest part of the summer, before I was able to bear being removed to this place. I have now been here about three weeks, and found even so small a journey a fatigue, which, together with a cold I soon got, renewed my fever, so that, at first, I was worse for the change: however, I have now been several times on horseback, sometimes better, and sometimes worse, after it; but, upon the whole, I have gained an appetite, and some degree of strength: with this little stock, I am trading on as cautiously as I can, and should be in more hopes of increasing it, if I had not long found my native climate too like that artificial one of 'Change-alley, (which, I think, has its name very properly,) so that what I have gained one week,

I fre-

I frequently lose the next, and very often can as little tell why.

. . . . Among many satisfactions I am denied by my unhappy circumstances, it is with great uneasiness, I find myself deprived of the hopes I had once entertained of seeing Hertfordshire again this summer; and indeed I do not find my philosophy more fail me in any article, or leave me to regret the want of health more, than when I reflect on those favours of your lordship, which have rendered it chiefly desirable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give relish to the enjoyments of it. But I must submit to my lot, with the satisfaction that I can say, I have been happy; and I agree with my friend Horace, that he has had no ill portion,

——— *Cui licet in diem*

*Dixisse, Vixi.*

But for the rest, viz. his recommending a total unconcern for what may happen to-morrow, it is a fine thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect health. May your lordship  
and

and your family long enjoy that, and every other satisfaction of life ; which no one more ardently wishes, than

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LVII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Colegreen, Sept. 22, 1719.

I WOULD not answer the favour of yours of the 30th of last month sooner, because every trouble must be very disagreeable to you, in your weak condition ; and if receiving a letter be but a little one, yet writing, especially in the manner that you do, must be too much exercise of your strength, and I know you to be so good as to reckon yourself in debt from the time of your receiving one : but rather than do you the least harm, unless you mend much in point of health, I will acquit you for three lines.

It was a great pleasure to hear by Mr. Hughes, you were a little better since my receipt



receipt of yours : I would advise you therefore to carry your hopes yet a little beyond the condition of being "tolerably ill;" and though you find yourself sometimes worse after riding, not to be discouraged, but to persevere, if you are able : nothing can serve you effectually but that, and the eating within the appetite it procures you, that you may well digest what you eat ; and how tempting soever a cordial is to the faint, touch none but after dinner. I am confident, I am guilty of repetition, and that I have ventured to write to this effect before ; but I am very solicitous in this matter, and therefore I trust you will excuse me, if I press upon you, over and over, the rules, I am sure, I have lived by for some years past.

I am of your opinion, that your friend Horace's unconcern for the "morrow" was a rant, wrote in good health, when he had reason to believe the morrow would be agreeable : 'tis all that can be desired, from one under sickness, to keep from a degree of dejection, which will help to increase the distemper.

Mr.

Mr. Hughes \* tells me you have made considerable alterations in, your play: It would add to my satisfaction in seeing it represented, if I found you were there, and well enough to bear the lamps during the action. ....

'Tis impossible to hinder self-love from mixing with every thing; and I fear, if I call myself to a true account, the sensible diminution of the pleasure I had, by your company, in my retirement, adds to the concern I should otherwise have (though very great) for my friend's sufferings. I am, with the truest affection and greatest respect,

Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

COWPER.

\* Of Hertingsfordbury, judge-advocate.

## LETTER LVIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, Nov. 5, 1719.

**M.** FONTENELLE, in one of his dialogues \*, mentioning the difference between barbarous nations and those which are accounted polite, makes it to consist in this, that the latter generally take care to varnish their actions with specious pretexts, though, in reality, they have no more justice and integrity than the former. “Whoever would strip Europe of her formalities,” says Montezuma, who is one of the interlocutors, “would render her very like America. Civility measures all your steps, dictates all your speeches, intricates all your discourses, and perplexes all your actions, but does not enter into your hearts; and all the justice

\* Of the dead. A translation of this work was published by Mr. Hughes in 1708, to which are added two original dialogues, the one between Lucius Junius Brutus and Augustus Cæsar, and the other between Empedocles and Lucilio Vanini.

“ which

“ which should be in your designs, is found  
 “ only in your pretexts.” But if the religion,  
 whose livery that gentleman is obliged to wear,  
 would have given him leave to suffer his Indian  
 to speak out, he might have produced instances  
 of more notorious violations of the laws of  
 humanity by the refined and well-bred Euro-  
 peans, without the mask of plausible pretexts,  
 than can be paralleled among the wildest clans  
 of rough barbarians, who, taught by nature,  
 inviolably observe that golden rule, *Quod tibi  
 fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris*. Witness the many  
 slaughters and the wide destruction of the  
 poor helpless Indians by the bloody Spaniards;  
 witness the Parisian and Irish massacres; and,  
 above all, the fatal blow that was this day  
 intended to be given; when, according to the  
 notions of the conspirators, (such was their  
 charity!) king, lords, and commons were to  
 have been plunged “ quick into hell” without  
 one moment’s respite for repentance. On such  
 occasions, who can forbear crying out with  
 the poet,

What dire effects from superstition flow!



I have been told by a friend, that he has seen ten or twelve Jews, at a time, burnt alive at Lisbon, merely for the sake of their religion; while the people were rejoicing and triumphing round the kindled pile, and tauntingly exclaiming, "Now you are going to the Devil!" And yet the very same persons might be seen to relent and show tokens of compassion at the execution of a common malefactor. So far has the priest prevailed over the principles of nature and humanity!

It is amazing how men can be made to believe, that the common Father of all, (who rejoices in all his works, else he would not have created them, or at least would cease to uphold them in being,) can be delighted with the destruction of his children, and pleased to see his divine images defaced: and that the source and centre of goodness and mercy can be atoned by human victims and the blood of their brethren! How much preferable are the dictates of pure uncorrupted nature to the religion of such christians! The God they frame to themselves more resembles a Baäl or a Moloch,

Moloch, whose ears were delighted with the cries of miserable victims, than that Being, whose darling attribute is mercy!

The emperor Marcus Antoninus finely says ;  
 “ If the question be put to us, what is our art  
 “ or profession, our answer should be, To do  
 “ good. As God made the world, not for  
 “ his own good, (since he was infinitely  
 “ happy before,) but for the good of his  
 “ creatures ; so our religion must necessarily  
 “ be this, To do good to his creatures ; for  
 “ therein we concur with the will of God.”  
 But the preposterous religion of these men  
 seems to consist in the unravelling of God’s  
 workmanship, at least as far as it lies in their  
 power, and in destroying all their fellow-crea-  
 tures, whose minds are not cast exactly in the  
 same mould with their own. For they can-  
 not intend their conviction by such absurd  
 methods. Force may indeed make hypocrites,  
 but can give no new light to the understanding.  
 As soon may a fit of the gout be removed by a  
 syllogism, or a violent fever by a demonstration  
 in Euclid, as the mind be illuminated by fire  
 and

and faggot. "Such premises," as one pleasantly says, "infer no conclusion, but that of a man's life." And if you terrify a man into a profession of what he does not believe, "instead of erecting a trophy to God," as an ingenious author observes, "you will only build a monument for the Devil."

But for my farther opinion on this subject, I refer you to the late excellent archbishop Tillotson's sermon preached on this day's solemnity, 1688. . . . .

. . . . . Mr. Cibber has lately published a play, (altered some years ago from the "Cid" of Corneille, and entitled the "Heroic daughter,") which he has dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom, among other topics of praise, he commends for his humility in submitting to be assisted by another great author, (plainly designing the late Mr. Addison,) and, by that means, letting him into a share of fame with him. The daubing sycophant tells him, that "he may fairly apply to his singular conduct what Anthony says of Octavius, in 'All for Love;'

" Fool

“ Fool that I was ! upon my eagle’s wings  
 “ I bore this wren, till I was tir’d with  
 soaring,  
 “ And now he mounts above me.”

On this occasion the following lines were written, extempore, by one who has an odd fancy that Cibber and Steele are inferior to Corneille and Addison:

“ Thus Colley Cibber greets his partner  
 Steele\*;  
 “ See here, fir knight, how I’ve outdone  
 Corneille!  
 “ See here, how I, my patron to inveigle,  
 “ Make Addison a wren, and you an eagle!  
 “ Safe to their silent shades we bid defiance,  
 “ For living dogs are better than dead lions.”

I am, Sir,

Your very affectionate nephew †,

W. DUNCOMBE.

\* They were at that time joint patentees.

† Mr. Duncombe’s mother was Mr. Allen’s youngest sister.  
 He had three other sisters, the eldest of whom was married to  
 George



## LETTER LIX.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

Wallington, Nov. 6, 1719.

**I**T is now some time since I had the honour of your lordship's last letter, and notwithstanding your indulgence in so kindly excusing me from writing, when you think it would be a fatigue to me under my illness, yet I am ashamed to own the date of it. I have been unwilling to let you know, that I have been worse than when I wrote last, and have not at any time since been able to say, I have been better, which is what I waited for; only I think I have gained a little strength of late, after several shocks of my fever, and that my asthma is not quite so bad as it has sometimes been. I am now preparing to leave this place,

George Fulford, esq; of Fulford in Devonshire, the second to John Wright, esq; attorney-general of Jamaica in 1685, and the third, first to Sir John Tyrrell, bart. of Springfield-hall in Essex, and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Stampe, knight, lord-mayor of London in 1692.

yet

yet not being in a condition to bear the town, I have fixed my station, for a time, to be in my old lodgings at Islington, having found that the most beneficial of any air near the town: so that I hope I may be able to get over this winter, as I have done some others; but I fear, it will be mostly within doors.

I find in every instance of goodness from your lordship my obligations increasing; and I beg leave to say (if possible) my gratitude and affection. Your advice has an advantage over that of other physicians, for it carries a cordial with it. I am glad I can say, that the rules your lordship recommends, are what I have carefully followed for some time. I avoid all strong cordials, especially in a morning, drink very little wine, have left off malt liquors, and keep to a regimen, which, I hope, in time may do me service. But I fear I am for some time a broken horseman, having, with all the care I could take, suffered more by colds caught in riding, than I have gained by the air and exercise.

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I have finished the alterations of my play, and I believe shall be determined, by the expectations of the town, to let it take its fortune on the stage, having had some assurance from the players, that they will take care of it without my attendance. I shall beg leave shortly to ask your lordship's and my lady Cowper's advice, in particular, relating to this affair, with which I will not trouble your lordship at present. I am, with all possible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R L X.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess COWPER\*.

MADAM,

**A**S soon as I was informed, that your ladyship had done me the honour to enquire after my play, I resolved, unfinished as it is, to

\* This lady (who was the earl's second wife) was the daughter of John Clavering, esq;

get it transcribed, and rather to send it imperfect than omit the very first opportunity of putting it into your ladyship's hands ; there being nothing I should more wish to its success, than to have the pleasure to see it grow up under so happy and illustrious a patronage.

I look upon it, madam, as a very fortunate omen, that the person to whom I was most desirous to introduce it, should so generously afford me an opportunity of doing what I had before aspired to. My namesake\* will acquaint you, that when I began this small amusement, I flattered myself with the secret hope of making it, when it should be finished, an humble offering to your ladyship. You have therefore, madam, if I may presume to say it, been already a kind of muse to this work ; and I have written it under the influence of an ambition to please my lady Cowper. This, indeed, is owning a great deal ; and if I have not been able, after all, to make it worthy of such a distinction, yet I remember a remark of

\* Edward Hughes, esq; of Hertingfordbury.



M. Fontenelle, “that in many things we should  
 “not proceed so far as we do, if we did not,  
 “to animate our endeavours, propose to our-  
 “selves an imaginary point of perfection,  
 “which is indeed beyond the reach of our  
 “utmost abilities.”

But your ladyship has laid an obligation upon me, the generosity of which I can never sufficiently acknowledge, in your entertaining, implicitly, so favourable an opinion of this performance, and its author, as to think of reading it to that great and royal person\*, to whom nothing comes more advantageously recommended than by your ladyship. The merit of the chief character † in this play is, as your ladyship will observe, raised on that kind of virtue for which her royal highness is so illustriously distinguished, an unshaken ad-

\* The princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline. Lady Cowper was one of her ladies of the bed-chamber. The offer that was made to her highness (when princess of Anspach) of an alliance with the archduke Charles (afterwards the emperor Charles vi.) and her refusing it, the condition annexed being a change of religion, are well known.

† Eudocia.

herence to her religion. But farther than this I have not presumed to attempt, the circumstances of the story not allowing it to be a parallel character. I have therefore only done as painters do when they draw a Helen or Venus, they single out some real object of beauty for their study; and though they vary the likenesses, and do not pretend to draw the exact picture of that, or any other particular person, yet it serves them to raise and improve their own ideas. I am extremely sensible of the great honour your ladyship does me, and shall always endeavour to approve myself, with the utmost zeal,

Madam, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER LXI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess COWPER.

MADAM,

THE concern your ladyship was pleased to express for my interest, when I had the honour to

to wait on you yesterday, and the caution you were pleased to recommend to me not to hurt it, is so generous, that I cannot but think it deserves my particular acknowledgments. I have thought of it since with that dutiful regard I shall always have to your ladyship's sentiments, and am only sorry that I am so far frustrated of my first design, as not to be at liberty to attempt (as I intended in the epilogue) to draw a very great character, of which I have only offered at some faint shadows in one part of the play. But if I must deny myself this satisfaction, for fear of offending, yet I cannot part with that other which has been my chief ambition in preparing this work for the public, the pleasure of addressing it to your ladyship\*. May I be forgiven, if I own farther, that I have a secret vanity in asking this, at a time when your ladyship's virtues, and disinterested adherence to them, are at once the ornament and reproach of the age? It would be doing myself too much honour to believe it possible, that the resentment of any persons, on such an occasion, could descend to me. But

\* This tragedy was, however, dedicated to earl Cowper.

if it should, I have weighed the consequences of that too, and, in the few prospects I have, the greatest satisfaction I know in life, is the care not to omit any of the material duties of it; among which I esteem the owning my obligations to your ladyship. I shall therefore have the greater pride in obtaining your permission to lay hold of this first opportunity that offers, of expressing to the public some part of the sense I have of those obligations, and with what duty I am,

Madam,

Your ladyship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## LETTER LXII.

Mr. HUGHES to ROBERT WILKS, Esq\*;

SIR,

Islington, Nov. 24, 1719.

I DESIRED Mr. Mills sometime ago to acquaint you and the rest of the managers,

\* Of this celebrated actor (who, it is allowed, has had no equal in genteel comedy) Cibber says, "that if he was not the  
" most



that I had just finished the alterations of my play. Though I have met with many interruptions by my illness, I have now completed what I had designed, and given it all the finishing I am able. As it is now modelled, I

"most correct or judicious, yet" (as Hamlet says of the king his father) "Take him for all in all, &c." he was certainly the most diligent, most laborious, and most useful actor that I have seen upon the stage in fifty years,"

Apology, &c. p. 408.

And to his moral character an excellent moralist bears the following testimony: "Mr. Wilks, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues, which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid is a very high degree of merit in any state; but these qualities deserve still greater praise when they are found in that condition which makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, pe-  
tulant, selfish, and brutal."

Life of Savage, p. 16.

Sir Richard Steele, Wilks, Booth, and Cibber were at this time joint managers and patentees of the new theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Mr. Wilks died in Sept. 1732. Pope says, on that occasion, in a letter to Gay, "The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed while he lived, he was but as Bibulus to  
"Cæsar,"

think

think there is nothing left which may hazard the success of it. But I hope I may say farther, that I have considerably improved it, and that in other places, besides the chief incident. I have also retrenched whatever lines could be spared, to shorten it, without obscuring the story, or hurting the sense. And now finding the town in expectation of it, and the demands of my friends (and of some great ones) pressing upon me, I am willing it should appear on the stage, though my bad health, which has hitherto interrupted it, makes me incapable of attending it. To this, I assure you, nothing more encourages me than my dependence on you, and your friendship, which I promise myself on this occasion; and I shall believe, that, though I cannot be present, yet under your care and direction nothing can be wanting to give it the utmost advantages. Mr. Southerne has the copy, and will deliver it to you very shortly: he is so generous as to offer me any assistance in supply of my absence, and will, whenever it may be necessary, attend the rehearsals. I make you no compliment, but that of my real opinion, when I

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assure

assure you, that I think no one can more truly touch all the tenderness of heart and variety of passions in the character of Phocyas than yourself, and that I shall have a particular pleasure in your taking that part. That of Caled is a bold theatrical one, and is the real character of a man who appears very great and terrible in the history of those times. Mr. Booth would give it a very great strength and lustre ; as Mrs. Oldfield would add all the grace and beauty possible to the part of Eudocia. Mr. Mills, I believe, will like that of Abudah, and the good-nature of the part makes it very fit for him \*. But these matters I hope to be able to settle with you very shortly ; and as soon as I can bear to lie a night in town at my own house, I will let you know and ask the favour of seeing you there on a Sunday evening, or some time that may be convenient to you. In the mean time,

\* The parts, however, were, it seems, very differently cast, the good-natured Mr. Mills performing the part of the fierce and cruel Caled, Mr. Wilks Eumenes, Mr. Booth Phocyas, Mr. Thurmond Abudah, and Mrs. Porter Eudocia.

I beg you would let the play be copied out, and put into a forwardness, that no time may be lost.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. WILKS to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Nov. 30, 1719.

I COULD not so properly answer your obliging letter, till I had received your play, which Mr. Southerne put into my hands last Saturday: we are now very busy about his "Spartan dame\*," which we propose to launch

\* This play was written "before" the revolution, but was never permitted to be acted "before," though the author had often solicited for leave.

"British theatre, p. 111."

"By the favour of indulging friends," (as the author expresses it in his preface,) this play succeeded on the stage beyond expectation.—It was indeed inimitably acted, Booth, Wilks,



some day next week. Nothing in my power shall be wanting to put yours in the utmost forwardness; and I do assure you, sir, I am concerned, on a double account, that your ill state of health has interrupted it so long. When I have the pleasure of seeing you (which I hope will be soon) I shall be glad to take your farther instructions about it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

ROB. WILKS,

Mills sen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, all performing in it, in the height of their reputation, and the full vigour of their powers. Mr. Southerne cleared, it was said, 500 l. by it: and, in his dedication, he told the duke of Argyle, that "it had procured him so large a poetical estate of reputation, that he could afford to pay his grace part of the debt that he owed him, out of the income of it." Mr. Allen told the author, five and twenty years before, that it would never succeed, but on reading it again, "found it very different (he said) from what it was then."

LETTER

## LETTER LXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 22, 1719.

YOU may remember I promised you a criticism upon an "ode of Horace" by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has since made me a more valuable present, viz. "a beautiful ode in allusion to it," which will let you into the sense of it in a more agreeable manner than a mere criticism could have done. The ode I mean is the 20th of the ii. book, As Horace has inscribed it to Mæcenas, lord Cowper is Mr. Hughes's patron, who will be allowed, by all equal judges, to be a greater man than the former appears to have been by any authentic proofs in history; and as Horace was the best lyric poet of his time, Mr. Hughes may, without flattery, be reckoned of the living lyric poets *facile princeps*. He is one of those few —

————— *Quibus arte benignâ  
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan;*

And

And seems to have been formed (to borrow an agreeable metaphor from the late archbishop of Cambray) “by the hands of the graces.” He stands distinguished by his skill in music and drawing, as well as by the smiles of the muses who preside over poetry and the other parts of polite literature.

Because it is possible, that Horace may not be in your company when you receive this letter, I will, in the first place, transcribe some lines of the original, and briefly consider, how they have been generally understood by commentators.

*Ad MÆCENATEM.*

*NON* usitatâ, nec tenui ferar  
*Pennâ* bisformis per liquidum æthera  
*Vates* : neque in terris morabor  
*Longius* ; invidiâque major

*Urbes* relinquam. *Non* ego, pauperum  
*Sanguis* parentum, non ego, quem vocas  
*Dilectæ*, Mæcenas, obibo ;  
*Nec* Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

*Jam*

*Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ*

*Pelles; et album mutor in alitem*

*Superne; nascunturque leves*

*Per digitos humerosque plumæ.*

*Jam, Dædaleo ocior Icaro, &c.*

The chief dispute has been whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mæcenæ*, or to follow *vocas* in the sense of *O dilecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they understand *vocas* to signify the same with *vocas ad cœnam*, as it is used by Catullus and other Latin writers. But M. Dacier rejects this sense (I think with reason) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a parasite than a polite writer. He, therefore, and others, construe it the latter way; but then all the use they make of it, is, that they suppose Horace “insinuates to Mæcenæ in an agreeable manner,” (as M. Dacier expresses himself) that he was not unworthy of the affection and tenderness his patron testified for him, in calling him, “my dear, my life,” and in using other expressions of the like import, since he was so excellent a poet, and should



should be crowned with immortality. So that the whole design of Horace, according to these gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praise, and modestly to acquaint Mæcenæ, (if you will allow a modern phrase) what a “very pretty fellow” he was. The learned Dr. Bentley’s fruitful genius has discovered a sense, of which, I believe, none of his predecessors ever thought, and he delivers it with the authority of an oracle. His words are so very remarkable, that I cannot forbear transcribing them:—

“*Quid multa? sine dubio sic construendus est locus, ‘non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas ‘Sanguis pauperum parentum.’ Hic nihil jam ‘ineptum; hic pulchrè habet antithesis; ‘non ego ‘quem pauperis libertini filium vocas, obibo: ‘neque paupertas neque ignobilitas generis ‘obstabit, quo minus sempiternum nomen ex ‘scriptis meis consequar.’*”

But notwithstanding this triumph, the doctor can scarce believe, that the good-natured Mæcenæ could in earnest upbraid his beloved

Horace

Horace with his being born "*patre libertino*;" and therefore, to solve the matter, he conjectures that he must only speak it jocularly; or rather, (according to the laudable maxim, *posito qualibet sequitur quodlibet*,) that those blundering rogues the transcribers have made a mistake here, and that, instead of *vocas*, we ought to read *vocant*; which, by the help of *subintel-ligitur nominativus*, and an emphatical *scilicet*, signifies, that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanness of his parentage.

Mr. Hughes takes this ode to be only a genteel compliment to Mæcenas, and, in short, no more than this, that though he was descended from obscure parents, yet, since Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendship, and treated him with so much tenderness and affection, he was above envy, and secure of immortality. And the "*non usitatâ pennâ*" in the first stanza, the "*jam jam*" in the third, and the "*jam*" in the fourth, all confirm this sense. It is indeed so plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out,

we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus's breaking the end of the egg, and making it stand upright,) how any one could miss it. And yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator, who has placed it in this light. But I will no longer detain you from the pleasure of reading Mr. Hughes's ode.

## O D E

To the Lord Chancellor COWPER.

In allusion to Horace, book ii, ode 20.

## 1.

I'M rais'd, transported; chang'd all o'er!  
 Prepar'd, a tow'ring swan, to soar  
 Aloft; see, see the down arise,  
 And cloath my back, and plume my thighs!  
 My wings shoot forth; I now will try  
 New tracts, and boldly mount the sky,  
 Nor envy, nor ill fortune's spite,  
 Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

## 2.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,  
 Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?

Or

Or vainly toil my name to save  
From dark oblivion and the grave?  
No—he can never wholly die,  
Secure of immortality,  
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends  
To own, and numbers with his friends.

3.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;  
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.  
Whether the muse vouchsafe t'inspire  
My breast with her celestial fire;  
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,  
Or I deserve a poet's name,  
Let fame be silent; only tell  
That generous Cowper loves me well.

4.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known  
By Cowper's merit, not my own:  
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,  
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,  
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;  
Let but some stone this sculpture bear,  
“ Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,  
“ To whom great Cowper once was kind.”

1717.



As averſe to vanity as I hope I am, I cannot but be pleaſed with the favourable opportunity of adding my name after that of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot and fine an orator, which is given me by my being,

Sir,

Your moſt affectionate nephew,

and humble ſervant,

W. DUNCOMBE.

Mr. Hughes's "Siege of Damafcus" is now in Drury-lane houſe, and will come on in about a month's time. He is at a loſs for a good "governor\*," and wiſhes Elrington had been here.

You may perhaps wonder, that I ſay not a word of the applauded "Spartan dame." The author bears the character of a courteous, well-natured gentleman, and is likewise one of Mr. Hughes's friends ; and therefore I am ſilent.

\* "Eumenes."

## LETTER LXV.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM\*.

MY LORD,

[London, Jan. 1719-20.]

I TAKE the liberty, by the hands of Mr. Rotherham, to send your grace the copy of a play now in the house, and in a forwardness to be acted: I heartily wish I had been favoured with an opportunity of submitting it to your grace's perusal sooner, which might have been much to my instruction and advantage; but I cannot, even now, satisfy myself without being ambitious of having the opinion of the best judge of the age. I know not how it has happened to so great a lover of poetry (though a very small dealer in it) as myself,

\* A man of uncommon wit and spirit, and of no less gallantry and politeness. He cultivated an early acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius, to whom he was indebted for a much greater share of reputation than was derived from his personal merit.

“ Granger's biograph. hist. vol. ii, part 2, p. 493.”

His grace died Feb. 24, 1720-21, aged 77.

to

to be always a personal stranger to your grace ; but I must beg leave to say, on this occasion, that your excellent *Essay on Poetry*, which I often read and studied when a boy, was one of the first pieces that both instructed me to write and deterred me from it ; so that I have not made this adventure for the stage till an age of life, which is usually thought not too young for judgment, if that be ever attained, nor past the warmth of fancy. And now, looking upon it as a sort of poetical debt to lay it before your grace, as the eldest, as well as the best, critic of our English poetry, I can truly say, that the mixed applause of an audience (if I were sure of it) will not give me so solid a pleasure, as to know, that it has, in some degree, your grace's approbation.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

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LETTER LXVI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Twickenham, Jan. 22, [1719-20.]

YOUR letter found me, as I have long been, in a state of health almost as bad as that you complain of; and indeed what makes me utterly incapable of attending to any poetical task, even that of Homer. This minute too I can scarce return you the civility of an answer, being in the full operation of a vomit I have taken. I can only say, with sincerity, I am heartily concerned for your illness, and the more uneasy with my own, in that it hinders me from serving you. I truly wish you health and life, to enjoy that reputation and those advantages which so much ingenuity, joined with so much virtue, deserves. As soon as I am able to be in town, I will wait on you with the play, in which, and in every thing else, I wish you all success. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER



## LETTER LXVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

Red-lion-street, January 22, 1719-20

**I** HUMBLY beg your lordship's acceptance of this picture\*, which I had sent sooner, but that I received it not till lately from Sir Godfrey, with a caution to take care of it for some time, the drapery not being quite dry. I am the more emboldened to present it, the hand being Kneller's, and (as he says, and other good judges of painting think) not one of his worst performances. It is impossible I can place it in any hands so much to my own pleasure and satisfaction as your lordship's, if it may but serve to remind you of one, on whom you have bestowed the most generous and engaging favours : and I am very desirous, that whatever happens to me, I may have the honour to have some memorial of me remain in your lordship's family ; to which I have such

\* This picture is at Colegreen. A print was engraved from it by Gerard Vandergucht, and prefixed to Mr. Hughes's poems.

great

great and particular obligations. I am, with  
all possible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R L X V I I I .

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Jan. 24, 1719-20.

**I** THANK you for the most acceptable present of your picture, and assure you that none of this age can set a higher value upon it than I do, and shall while I live; though I am sensible, posterity will out-do me in that particular.

I am with the greatest esteem and sincerity,

Sir, your most affectionate

and obliged humble servant,

COWPER.

I intend to wait on you very quickly, if I hear you are well enough to be troubled with me.

V. I.

Bb

LETTER

## L E T T E R   L X I X .

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

**I** RETURN you the play sooner than I am willing to part with what I like so extremely well, because you press it. Upon my word, I think it every way worthy of you, and make not the least doubt but the world will do you the justice you deserve in the acceptance of it. I continue very much out of order, but must be forced to be in town (well or ill) some days this week, upon indispensable affairs; when I will wait upon you, and tell you my sincere thoughts, none of which is more sincere than that I am truly

Your most obliged and  
most faithful servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

## LETTER LXX.

JOHN MERRILL, Esq\* ; to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Golden-square, Feb. 1719-20.

THOUGH it is a long time since I had the pleasure to see you, yet I believe you have heard from some of both our friends, that I have not forgot frequent enquiries after a health that shared my warmest wishes ; and I have, with the greatest concern, heard of the illness you labour under, and am very sorry it is to such a reason I owe the loss of the very great satisfaction I should have had in marking the beauties as well as reading the words of your play ; which came to me in such an unlucky

\* At this time member of parliament for Tregony, and afterwards for St. Albans. He died in December 1734. Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated November 22, 1735, mentions him in the following manner : " I have lost the truest friend, " I may almost say, servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill ; " he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man " in it, and, in this respect, he was of singular use to me."



time, that I cannot say I have read it, though the hour or two I have taken from my sleep to look upon it, makes me ashamed to own I have not improved the opportunity your friendship gave me of so agreeable an entertainment, which I hope to make myself some amends for by a greater attention when it appears in public, whose favour, I believe, you will have little occasion to ask by your friends, if the house have taken care to cast the parts as they ought; for the novelty, that secures the first audience, will, I doubt not, be so many friends to increase the succeeding ones to your wishes. . . . .

I am glad of every occasion to express the sincere esteem and friendship with which

I am, &c.

J. MERRILL.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXI.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of NEWCASTLE\*.

MY LORD,

Feb. 4, 1719-20.

**T**HOUGH I am so weak as to be forced to make use of another hand to write, having for a long time lain under a dangerous illness, yet your grace's generosity is so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear returning you my most humble thanks for your protection and recommendation of my play to the care of the actors, and your zealous encouragement of it, which I esteem as a very great honour. This is the more generous, and worthy of your grace, in regard that I have given up this play to the impotunity of my friends, and the expectation of the town, at a time when I am not capable of looking after it myself, or soliciting its interest, and when I cannot so much as see it acted. If

\* His grace was then lord chamberlain. After filling most of the highest offices of state under three princes with the utmost integrity and steadiness of principles; he died Nov. 17, 1768, aged 75.

I re-

I recover, I shall, with the greatest pleasure, take the first opportunity of waiting on your grace with my thanks in person, and shall ever retain the most grateful sense of your favour to

Your grace's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Twickenham, Feb. 18, 1719-20\*.

I HAVE been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I designed, since you obliged me with your play. I am since much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illness. Would to God you might live as long, as, I am sure, the reputation of your tragedy must! I am a fellow-sufferer with you, in not being able to see it played, having been and still being too much indisposed to go to

\* Mr. Hughes died the night before this letter was written, aged 42.

any public place. But I could be extremely glad, some particular friends of mine had that pleasure I cannot enjoy: you would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a side-box, who have sent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are disposed of by you. I am sorry to give you this trouble, when perhaps, for your health's sake, you should not have a moment's disturbance, and I could not send sooner, at this distance. Pray think I wish you all the success you deserve, and all the health you want,

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, February 23, 1719-20.

YESTER-NIGHT I performed the last sad office to the remains of my late honoured friend Mr. Hughes, by attending them to the grave,



grave, and supporting the pall. *Quis desideris sit pudor aut modus tam chari capitis ?* I am overwhelmed with grief, and know not what to say. He departed this life in the prime of his age, and on the very night his tragedy was first acted, some few hours after it had been received with the universal applause of his grateful countrymen\*. He had indeed been languishing in a consumption for several years; but yet, as long as life remained, his friends were willing to cherish hope. The vigour of his mind remained unbroken to the last, and about ten days before he died, he drew up a very elegant dedication to lord Cowper, which when his brother had transcribed, he bade him add the date, rightly presaging that he should not live to see it published. He was induced to bring it on the stage chiefly by the hopes of being useful to his relations, and expressed himself well pleased, on that account, that he had

\* “ So, till the day was won, the Greek renown’d

“ With anguish bore the arrow in his wound;

“ Then drew the shaft from out his tortur’d side,

“ Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died.”

Dr. Young.

put

put the finishing hand to it. It is surprising that he should be able to write so nervous and spirited a prologue, and so humorous an epilogue, in such a languishing condition. When he found himself declining apace, he said, that "if his illness continued to grow upon him so fast, the prologue must be spoken in black\* ; and, (added he,) I doubt, that "will be too much for my friends to bear." On the day before he died, he said, "I am "now burning out apace." . . . . I find, this melts me too much, and therefore I must forbear. He only wished to live till he had accomplished some beneficent actions. One of which was, to have done something for the relief of the great Milton's daughter †, who

\* The prologue to Mr. Thomson's posthumous tragedy of "Coriolanus," which was written by Mr. (now lord) Lyttelton, was thus spoken by Mr. Quin. Such a prologue, so spoken, so felt, was more pathetic than most tragedies.

† Deborah, Milton's third daughter, who married Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver, in Spital-fields, and died August 24, 1727, aged 76. Dr. Ward, professor of rhetoric at Gresham-college, knew her by the likeness she bore to her father's picture, and telling her so, she informed him that Mr. Addison told her the same thing; for he, hearing she was alive, sent for her, and

bears the character of a woman of very good sense, but is reduced so low, as to be obliged to teach school for a livelihood: and Mr. Hughes could have been serviceable to her by the interest he had among persons of distinction. After he had quite finished his play, he desired to hear no more of it, that he might turn his thoughts to more important subjects. He would often say, he thought it a fond thing for

desired her to bring some papers of her father's as a proof of her being his daughter. But she was no sooner introduced to him than he said, "Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is "a sufficient testimony whose daughter you are." He made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring her an annual provision for her life; but he dying soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She appeared to be a woman of good sense, and a genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. She had several children, and for the benefit of her youngest daughter, Elizabeth (who married Mr. Thomas Foster, and kept a chandler's shop in Cock-lane near Shore-ditch) the mask of "Comus" was acted at Drury-lane house in 1750 (with a prologue by Mr. Samuel Johnson) which brought her near 130*l*. Mrs. Clarke, being ill treated by her mother-in-law, went and lived as a companion with a Mrs. Merian in Ireland, till her marriage, and came over again to England during the troubles in Ireland under king James II.

"Birch's life of Milton, p. lxxvi, lxxvii."

persons

persons to desire to give a signal before they had their heads struck off; "for," added he, "if it were left to us, we should have always "one little thing or other to do, that would "make us unwilling to quit the stage of life."

I could dwell much longer on so worthy a subject, but the ingenious writer of the inclosed paper\* has happily prevented me. And one who was more intimately acquainted with Mr. Hughes, during the latter part of his life, than the writer of it, cannot but bear testimony to the truth of the character there given.

May you long enjoy a firm state of health for the comfort and improvement of all your friends, and particularly of, Sir,

Your most affectionate nephew,

W. DUNCOMBE †!

\* The "Theatre," numb. 15. By Sir John Edgar (Sir Richard Steele.) See it in the preface to Mr. Hughes's poems, p. xxxviii.

† Mr. Duncombe, in the year 1726, married Mr. Hughes's only sister, and in 1735, published his "poems, with some "select essays in prose," in two volumes.



One day, when Mr. Hughes, recovering from a violent fit of coughing, had breathed himself (it was not long after he had written his "Charon\*,") he said, smiling, "My friend Charon will waft me over in a little while, and leave all this behind."

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JABEZ HUGHES †.

S I R,

Feb. 26, 1719-20.

I CANNOT omit the acknowledgment I really think I owe your great civility, espe-

\* See note on letter lii, p. 138.

† Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the muses, and an excellent scholar. He published, in 1714, a translation of "The rape of Proserpine" from Claudian, and "The story of Sextus and Erietho" from Lucan's "Pharfalia, b. vi, in 8vo. These translations, with notes, were reprinted in 12°. in 1723. He also published, in 1717, a translation of Suetonius's "lives of the twelve Cæsars," and translated several "novels" from the Spanish of Cervantes, which are inserted in "The select collection of novels and histories," printed for

cially at so melancholy and affecting a moment, as that of your worthy brother's death must have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance must have known enough of him to regret his loss; and I most heartily condole with you upon it. I believe, I am further obliged to you for his play; which I received yesterday, and read over again with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy. The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever. I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, Sir,

Your most obliged

and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

Watts, 1729. He died January 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "Miscellanies, in verse and prose," was published in 1737. His widow accompanied the lady of governor Byng to Barbadoes, and died there in 1740.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXV.

Mr. JABEZ HUGHES to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

London, May 16, 1726.

**T**HERE is something so singularly polite in your being pleased to honour me with the last volumes of your excellent "Homer," that I am impatient to return my thanks immediately for so acceptable a favour. I have often heard my dear brother mention your presenting him with the volumes which were published in his life-time, with much pleasure, as an obliging expression of friendship ; but thus to complete your valuable gift to one, who never had the happiness of being personally known to you, is particularly genteel and kind.

I am the more touched with this unexpected regard, as proceeding from an author, who had always appeared to me distinguished by a certain peculiar felicity and elegance of genius, from which the principal and inimitable graces of poetry arise ; and though, from this prepossession,

possession, I believed your translation, when you began it, would be performed with great beauty and merit, I must own the success is beyond my expectation, and I am surprised to see with what vigour you have supported so long a labour ; with what a wonderful warmth of imagination, a copiousness and power of expression, and fine harmony of numbers you have conducted it to the end. We know the privilege Horace indulgently allowed to Homer, himself, in the length of so extended a course ; but you have certainly waved it in the translation, and are “awake” through the whole.

In a word, sir, I congratulate you very heartily on your happy conclusion of this noble undertaking, by which you have enriched our tongue with an admirable version of the most celebrated poem of antiquity, and have acquired to yourself the immortality of your applauded author.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

JABEZ HUGHES.

LETTER



LETTER LXXVI\*.

From EDWARD HARRISON, Esq;

SIR,

St. James's Place, Sept, 21, 1734.

I HAVE looked over all my poetical papers, but cannot find any of Mr. Hughes's writing. I believe, I gave a good many, soon after his death, to his brother, and some to your lady. I should readily contribute any thing in my power ; a complete edition of the works of a gentleman, for whom I had so great a value, being what I have long desired. . . . .

. . . . . I could wish the alterations he was forced to submit to make in the " Siege of " Damascus," were printed, which would make some of the scenes more reasonably passionate, and by consequence more engaging †.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. HARRISON.

\* This and the thirteen following letters are addressed to Mr. Duncombe.

† See note on letter xlviii, p. 130.

I do

I do not doubt but you know that Mr. Hughes's life, as published by Jacob \*, was written by himself.

## LETTER LXXVII.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1734.

I AM obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes sent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modesty, and softness of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his play of the "Siege of Damascus," which is the only letter I can meet with.

I thank you for the part you are pleased to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank God, been as good as usual,) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which

\* In the "lives of the poets."

V. i.

Dd

I re-

I resign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the least thought of stealing applause by suppressing my name to that "essay": I wanted only to hear truth, and was more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Besides, I really was humble and diffident enough, to distrust my own performance. All I can say of it is, that I know it to be an honest one.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

# LETTER LXXVIII.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS †.

SIR, From lady Abney's at Newington, Nov. 11, 1734.

**Y**OUR present of a ticket, which entitles me to Mr. Hughes's "poems," was an agreeable surprise. My acquaintance and intimacy with

\* The "essay on man." This work came out separately, the first book being published in 1723, and the last in 1734.

† See note on letter ii, p. 8.

that

that ingenious gentleman was in the younger years of life chiefly; our later situations in the world divided us so far as to prevent frequent conversation, though not to destroy mutual esteem. . . . . Your lady, I believe, I have seen as a child in some of my ancient visits to Mr. John Hughes, when his brother, Jabez, was a little boy. While I write thus, methinks I recall youth, and revive some buried ideas. But eternity lies before me, and appears in a much nearer view. May I be found ready for the important summons! . . . .

I have seen the French "Athaliah"\* long ago, and by your translation† now enjoy the English; but a man of my character must not too much indulge what relates to the modern stage, because of its vicious entertainments. It is my opinion that dramatic poesy might have been useful to many happy purposes, had it always been kept within the bounds prescribed by virtue and religion, as Racine has done. But, as you say from Horace concerning yourself,

\* By Racine.

† Printed for Watts, 1723. There have been three editions of it.



*“ Quid verum atq; decens cura, et rogo, et omnis in  
 “ hoc sum,”* so I must say (at least since my last  
 published miscellanies). *Nunc itaque et versus et  
 cætera ludicra pono.*

Mr. Samuel Say\* (of whom you write) was  
 an old intimate of Mr. John Hughes at the  
 same time with me, being all fellow-students  
 together in logic and philosophy. He is very  
 lately fixed in London, a minister to that con-  
 gregation which was lately under the care of  
 the Rev. Dr. Calamy. With all due salutations,

I am, &c.

I. WATTS.

## LETTER LXXIX.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Twit'nam, Nov. 5, [1734.]

**I** AM extremely willing to bear any testi-  
 mony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and

\* See note on letter iv, p. 17.

there-

therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother\*, after his death †, will be a greater instance of the sincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your service. I thank you for the tenderness with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I esteem you for that which you show to the memory of your kinsman. I doubt not but you will discharge it in a becoming manner, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

## LETTER LXXX.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR,

Edinburgh, Nov. 21, 1734.

I HAD the pleasure to receive a letter from you, which I would have answered sooner; but this happens to be a time when I have a good deal of business upon my hands, in preparing for my winter work, and the instruc-

\* Desiring to insert it (with Mr. Pope's consent) in the memoirs of Mr. Hughes prefixed to his "poems."

† See letter lxxiv, p. 196.

tion

tion of the young gentlemen who study the law under my care.

My friendship for Mr. Hughes, and the respect I have for his memory, make it agreeable to me to hear of any thing particular relating to so near a relation of his as you are. You may imagine therefore the account you give me of your family was most acceptable. And, in return, I am to tell you, that I am very happy in mine. The *Sparkler*, I am afraid, is not now so proper a name for Mrs. Bayne as it was when I wrote that letter \* you mention : however, that part of the brilliant which she has lost, is lost only by communication, for she has brought me two girls, one of twenty and another of eighteen, who have caught it ; and I have the satisfaction to think, it is the least part of their value that they are handsome. I have three boys, the eldest of seven years of age, who are all much handsomer than is needful for them, and the eldest promises something of a genius, which I am the apter to flatter myself with the hopes of, as his eldest

\* See letter xxi, p. 69.

sister has it ; who, without being in the smallest degree prompted, has gone through more books than most men of twice her age usually do : and, which is best of all, she is not sensible of that superiority she has over most of her sex of like age with herself.

I am much pleased to find you are carrying on an edition of Mr. Hughes's poetical works, . . . . and am, with a sincere affection, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

L E T T E R LXXXI,

From Mr. GALLIARD.

SIR,

Dec. 10, 1734.

I THANK you for the present of the works of Mr. Hughes, the long continued friendship of whom was always dear to me, and whose talents I valued. Concerning the paragraph you mention, I must set you right in some particulars. I did not compose the chorusses to both



both the duke of Buckingham's tragedies; for Signor Bononcini set to music those of "Marcus Brutus," written partly by the duke, and partly by Mr. Pope; and I set those to the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," entirely written by his grace\*.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. E. GALLIARD.

\* The author of "The British theatre" is therefore mistaken in saying, p. 179, that "the chorusses of 'both' these plays were set to music by that great composer, Signor Bononcini." These plays were to have been performed in the year 1729; but English voices being few, the Italians were applied to, who demanded more for their nightly performances than the receipts of the house would amount to, at the usual raised prices; and, on that account, the design was dropped. Mr. (now bishop) Warburton observes that "the two chorusses were made at the request of the duke, to adorn a very poor performance of his, and that they have the usual effect of all ill-adjudged ornaments, they make the meanness of the piece more conspicuous."

"Notes to the first chorus in vol. i. of

"Pope's works, edit. Warburton."

LETTER

## LETTER LXXXII.

From Mrs. ROWE\*.

SIR,

Frome†, Jan. 11, 1734-5.

THE “elegy”‡ you mention is at your service, and (with my lord Orrery’s consent) the charming “poem” it occasioned. My lord Orrery’s approbation would be my vanity and boast, if I could but persuade myself I deserved it. The poem of Mr. Rowe’s “on liberty” was never finished §; but any of the trifles that I have written, you may command whenever

\* This pious and ingenious lady, the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a dissenting minister at Ilchester, was at this time the relief of Mr. Thomas Rowe, on whose death (in 1715) she retired to Frome. She died of an apoplexy Feb. 20, 1736-7. Her “devout exercises” were published by Dr. Isaac Watts in 1737, and her “miscellaneous works in verse and prose” by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her brother-in-law, in 1739.

† In Somersetshire.

‡ On the death of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, mother to the countess of Hertford. See that and lord Orrery’s in Mrs. Rowe’s “works,” vol i, p. 164 and 166.

§ It was published in Mrs. Rowe’s “works,” vol ii, p. 325.

V. I.

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you

you please. I have a copy of Mrs. Madan's  
 "elegy on Mr. Hughes,"\* and have read it a  
 thousand times over with admiration and delight:  
 never was a character painted with greater ele-  
 gance and justice. I have often heard Mr.  
 Rowe mention Mr. Hughes with esteem and  
 distinction, and think myself happy that you  
 have given me an opportunity to express the  
 regard I have to the memory of a man of his  
 merit. I promise myself an agreeable enter-  
 tainment from his "works," . . . . .  
 and am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,  
 ELIZ. ROWE.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR,                      Newington near Edinburgh, Jan. 14, 1734-5.

I HAVE with great pleasure received your  
 letter of the 31st ult. as it brings me an ac-

\* See it in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. lxx.

count of the good reception your play \* has met with. . . . . The epilogue pleases me so much, and my eldest daughter, Anne, to whom, I imagine, you give the name I formerly gave to her mother †, that it has raised the curiosity of both of us to see the play, which, we fancy, will be perfectly in our taste, from the general idea of it we conceive from the epilogue.

I have not yet answered Mr. Strahan's ‡ letter, but shall now give it you. All the copies of verses I had of Mr. Hughes's, which I brought down to Scotland with me, were taken from me by some one or other of my friends, which I the more easily yielded to, at that time, as I had them all by heart, so much they pleased me. I have been recollecting them in my memory, since I received Mr. Strahan's letter, and find that I can only make out three

\* "Cicilius Junius Brutus," a tragedy, acted at Drury-lane house in November 1734.

† See letter xxi, p. 70.

‡ See p. 99, note.



of them. One had for title "Lucinda's tea-table\*," consisting of six stanzas of four lines each. The other "On the ingenious Molinda, who excels in whatever she pleases†. And the third consisted of ten lines, beginning thus :

" While circling healths inspire your sprightly  
 " wit,  
 " And on each glass some beauty's name is  
 " writ, &c. ‡

These, I remember, he liked himself, and they carry, in the two last lines, a pretty thought of the power of love in favour of the one who has got the first possession. . . . .

A thought occurred to me, when I was reflecting upon Mr. Hughes's pretty manner of

\* See Mr. Hughes's " poems, vol. i, p. 96.

† See it (by another title) in Mr. Hughes's " poems," vol. i, p. 110.

‡ See it in the " appendix" to this volume, it being omitted in the " poems."

writing prose. I have seen pieces of his (poetry indeed) but written in prose, which were charming. Now might it not be fit to give in your preface some idea of your author's talents, in prose as well as verse, by inserting a short specimen of some piece of his, of that sort, which would show him to advantage, and, at the same time, please and entertain the reader? There is one piece of this kind, which would answer my view exactly. It is a picture of distress in low life, which he sent to the *Spectator*, and stands recorded there under the name of *Amanda*\*, and is inferior to none of the kind, in my judgment. I remember, when that *Spectator* came out, as the paper was generally read at breakfast, it mixed tears with a great deal of the tea, which was that morning drunk in London and Westminster.

I am, with most sincere friendship, and good wishes, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

\* See the "*Spectator*," vol. v, numb. 375.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXXIV.

From ROBERT KNIGHT, Esq; \*

SIR,

Paris,  $\frac{1}{12}$  March, 1734-5.

I HAVE received your letter, and upon reading it over this morning, I find it of so long a date as September last: this gives me pain, lest you should think, as you justly may, that I have been very much wanting in respect to you; but that is what I am not capable of, nor can any one be more sensible of your merit than I am.

The truth is, I put your letter in my coat-pocket (without opening) which I left off for the winter, and upon putting it on this moment, I found it there. The post will set out in an hour, so I have only time to thank you

\* Cashier of the South Sea company, in 1720, and father to the late earl of Catherlough. Mr. Knight received a pardon, and returned to England in 1742, though Swift, in a letter to Pope, dated Nov. 28, 1729, says, "It is certain he can never expect any favour." He died in 1744.

for it. . . . . I am very glad, and truly rejoice, that a sister of my late dear friend Mr. Hughes is so happily married. I loved him very much, and his death grieved me the more, because it happened near a time that I could and would have given him proofs of it. . . . .

M. Fontenelle\* and M. l'Abbé Bignon are both very well, and favour me with their company now and then at dinner. You say, that "you hope the former passes through the "last stage of life with a gradual and painless "decay;" and I can tell you, that he passes it so very chearfully amongst his friends, and is so entertaining, that one would think he did not yet feel any decay at all.

I will visit him in a day or two, and let him know how kindly you ask after him. Mrs.

\* This celebrated French author died in 1756, when he was above an hundred years of age. Voltaire declares him to have been the most universal genius that the age of Lewis XIV produced, and compares him to lands situated in so happy a climate as to produce all sorts of fruits,

Knight



**Knight\*** claims him as her gallant, and I know some others who contend for him too, so you may imagine he is not old. Very few are so at Paris; they pass from youth to the grave very merrily.

I will ask him about M. Boileau's "history of Lewis XIV." The last I heard of it was, that it would be published soon, but I hear nothing yet of its being so†. I scribble in great haste, but am, with great respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

R. KNIGHT.

\* Sister to sir Thomas Robinson, bart. after Mr. Knight's death married to James Cresset, esq; (secretary to the late princess dowager of Wales) and since dead.

† M. Boileau was fixed upon by the king to write his history, in conjunction with M. Racine, in October 1677. This work, however, if written, has not been published. M. de Valincourt wrote thus to the Abbé Glivet on this subject: "Mess. Despreaux and Racine having for some time endeavoured to write that history, they soon found that such a work did not at all suit their genius; and, besides, they justly thought that the history of such a prince as the late king was, filled with so great and extraordinary

## LETTER LXXXV.

From Mrs. PORTER.

SIR,

Highwood-hill \*, March 27, 1735.

SINCE the receipt of yours, I have been in daily expectation of a summons from Mr. Fleetwood, at which time, ere I returned, I purposed to have waited on you with my thanks for the favour of your tragedy, having had the pleasure of seeing it the last time it was acted; and though I have no pretension to the compliment you make me, must own, I was very much entertained, and glad to see, once more, a good tragedy upon the stage, and so polite an audience; only sorry it did not

"dinary circumstances, could not well be written till an hundred years after his death, except one would compose it only from insipid extracts of the public news-papers, as some pitiful writers have done, who ventured to write that history."

Hist. de l'academie Françoise par d'Olivet, .p. 371. Paris edit

\* Near Hendon, Middlesex.

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appear at a time when the town in general had a better relish for virtue and good sense.

You do me a great deal of justice, in believing that I shall be extremely pleased with every, and even the least, production of Mr. Hughes's \*, and am glad his remains are fallen into the hands of so capable and worthy an editor; who, I am persuaded, will perform that sacred trust with such purity and zeal as will express the gentleman and the friend.

I am, with much respect, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

M. PORTER †.

\* Mrs. Porter acted the part of Eudocia in the "Siege of Damascus," at its first representation in 1719.

† This excellent actress had been lost to the stage ever since the year 1730, by the misfortune of a dislocated limb from the overturning of a chaise.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR,

[Twickenham, May 6, 1735.]

MANY thanks for your kind present, in which I find several pleasing and very correct pieces of his [Mr. Hughes's] which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things just printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Doddsley\*, the author of the *Toyshop*, who has just set up [as] a book-feller, and I doubt not, as he has more sense, so will have more honesty, than most of that profession.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

A. POPE.

\* Mr. Doddsley, much to his honour, was the artificer of his own fortune, having been servant to the hon. Mrs. Lowther, &c. While he was in service, he published some poems, entitled, "The muse a in livery." He died at his friend Mr. Spence's at Durham in Sept. 1764, and was buried in that cathedral.



## LETTER LXXXVII.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS.

SIR,

Newington, May 23, 1735.

YOUR letter, and the present of Mr. Hughes's "works," were joyfully received by me the next day after I saw you. . . . . Methinks I see the very man, my old acquaintance, there, with his temper and softness, his wit and sprightly genius, spreading almost over every page. 'Twas well Telemachus took Mentor with him, when he ventured into Calypso's island, painted by such a pencil, while the goddess was dressed by such a poet, and she and her nymph Eucharis, had airs and sonnets given them by such a master in music. But my sorrow freshens and renews upon my heart, that such a genius did not live to write more moral and divine odes in advanced years, to be a counterpoise to all the charms of pleasure and youth and beauty which his younger poetry indulged. Yet, it must be

con-

confessed, I can find nothing that is an offence to virtue and piety, so far as I have perused, which amounts to more than half. The christian scheme has glories and beauties in it, which have superior power to touch the soul, beyond all the gods and heroes of the heathen heaven or elysium. I should have been much pleased to see so fine a pen employing its art on such themes. Mr. Pope's *Messiah* always charms me. I speak not now of Mr. Hughes's odes on the *Creator of the world*, the *Ecstasy*, &c. because I have read them long ago: these have so much dignity in them, that I wished for more of the same kind. Pray tell me, sir, when I shall be so happy as to see you next, whether Sir R. Blackmore's "preface to his *Alfred*" does not convince you that a christian poet has happier advantages than a pagan? His "prefaces" are certainly better in their kind than his "poems," as several gentlemen of good taste have acknowledged. And why should not some great genius seize those advantages, and leave old Homer no longer right to the supreme laurel?

But

But I forget myself and my years; though  
when I am upon such a subject, *rejuvenescit*  
*calamus renuuntibus annis.*

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR,

[Frome, July 2, 1735.]

I HAVE received and read Mr. Hughes's  
"poems" with great satisfaction, and own  
myself obliged to you for the entertainment  
those elegant poems gave me.

I beg you to accept this picture of Mr.  
Hughes's, which I copied as near as I could  
from the print\*. Drawing is my favourite  
amusement†, and if you find any resemblance

\* See p. 185, note.

† "Mrs. Rowe loved the pencil when she had hardly strength  
and steadiness of hand sufficient to guide it, and in her infancy

"(one

in this to the original, it will flatter the vanity of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR,

[Edinburgh, March, 1735-6.]

IT is some months since I ought to have written to you, in acknowledgment of the favour of your sending my deceased friend's "works," and your own "play," which came to my hands in due time. . . . I ought to be ashamed for having so long delayed thanking you for two things, which have given me so much pleasure and relief, at a time when I

"(one may almost venture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. Singer, perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in it; and it never ceased to be her amusement at times, (and a very innocent one it was,) till her death."

"Life of Mrs. Rowe, prefixed to her works, p. v."

had



had not health enough to acknowledge even the favours of my friends, and but just activity and spirit enough to sit down in an easy chair, and relish a few of the beauties of their writings for an hour, and then sink into a profound sleep. If you'll look at Horace's 8th epistle, 1st book, you may justly imagine my case to have been much the same. I have said as much as to let you understand that I have been suffering, ever since I received your last obliging letter, under the dispiriting symptoms of a nervous illness commonly called vapours, or lowness of spirits. This illness I had first brought upon myself by a life too sedentary, and too hard study. In the year 1721, a profession of the municipal law of Scotland, or what you would call its common law, was erected here; and upon the recommendation of our fifteen judges, the patrons of the university of Edinburgh did me the honour to put me in the chair. So high a recommendation occasioned my making it too much a point of honour to fill this chair with some reputation, especially being the first of my profession in this university. I was in great health and vigour, while I was employed

in

in composing my system of lectures, I studied at the rate of fourteen hours a day for eight months successively, and in the first years of my profession wrote with my own hand above sixteen hundred sheets. I soon felt the bad effects of such intense application of the mind, which, however, I thought were more owing to a circumstance in my way and manner of sitting and writing at a low table, by which the bowels were long in a state of being compressed and put out of their natural situation, than to the constant application of thought; for I found very soon the seat of my distemper to be in the lower region. By great attention to my diet, which I kept very low, never tasting any liquor, but the pure element, for five years, I recovered my former state of health, and preserved it till this last summer, when the same illness made a fierce attack upon me again, and has kept me in a very sad state of inactivity and disrelish of all my ordinary amusements, till the beginning of last month, and now I find myself in a way of recovery. By this time you will have excused my silence,

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which has been owing to a cause independent of me, and insuperable.

In answer to a part of your letter concerning Mr. Thomson's "seasons," if he has gathered any helps from any of our ancient poets, it must have been from some of the prologues of Gawin Douglas's "translation of the *Æneid*," which has been much admired. He was one of our bishops before the reformation, and famous for his learning and knowledge of the classics in particular \*. But I don't find Mr.

\* This prelate was a younger son of Archibald the sixth earl of Angus, and was consecrated bishop of Dunkeld in 1515, after much opposition from the duke of Albany, then regent. Being afterwards obliged by the persecutions of his enemies to retire to London, he died there of the plague in April 1522. His chief works are a "translation [above mentioned] of Virgil's *Æneis*," the "Palice of honour, a poem," "Aureæ narrationes, comedie aliquot sacræ," and "De rebus Scoticis liber." His "Descriptions of May and of Winter," the first of which is the prologue prefixed to the xiith book of his "*Æneis*," have been very well modernised by Mr. Fawkes, who observes in his preface, that "Chaucer and Douglas may be looked upon as the two bright stars that illumined England and Scotland, after a dark interval of dulness, a long night of ignorance and superstition, and foretold the return of day, and the revival of learning."

Thom-

Thomson has borrowed so much from that author as to give him the name, in any degree, of being a plagiarist.

I am, with hearty wishes for your health and prosperity,

Your obliged and most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE\*.

\* A few months after writing this letter, Mr. Bayne died, in his way from Edinburgh to Bath, a martyr to his studies; and a melancholy addition to the cases enumerated by Dr. Tissot, in his "Essay on the diseases incidental to literary and sedentary persons." In particular, he advises the student not to sit, but to meditate and read either standing or walking; "sitting, (he says,) with the body stooping, and the legs bent, is the most pernicious of all postures, as it greatly hurts the lower extremities, and by obstructing the 'viscera' of the abdomen, produces all the disorders that arise from indigestion."



## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

### LETTER I.

P. 2. John Dunton was a bookseller who failed in trade, and afterwards turned author. He unluckily "failed" several times in his new profession. His principal work was "The life and errors of John Dunton, &c."

"Granger's biograph. hist. of Eng. vol. ii, pt. 2, p. 416."

— 3. Note. It is farther observable, that Dr. Swift, in his "letters to Stella," frequently mentions that the lord treasurer, when he had a mind to vex him, would call him, or introduce him to company, by the name of Dr. "Thomas" Swift, from whence we may infer that the Dr. was either on no good terms with the rector of Puttenham, or, which is more likely, had a mean opinion of his abilities.

— 6. Note. The two first volumes of the "history of England" [here mentioned] were compiled by Mr. Hughes, who also wrote the "general preface," without any participation of Dr. Kennet. The third volume, with a particular preface, was published in 1706 with the other two.

"Biograph. Brit. vol. iv, p. 2825."

### LETTER VI.

— 23. Lady Donegall died in 1743. She constantly kept two anniversary fasts; one on the day when the calamity happened that occasioned this letter; the other on the day when

when her first husband, Arthur earl of Donegall, was killed at the siege of Barcelona.

LETTER VIII.

- 39. The letter-writer here seems to allude to bishop Blackall's peevish expressions in the conclusion of his "answer" (from Bath) to Mr. Hoadly's "considerations," viz. "If your reply shall be about 'original contracts, revolutions, &c.' I tell you plainly that I 'an't' at leisure, nor 'I 'shan't' be at leisure, nor I 'won't' be at leisure, to write to you so much as one single line about any such matters." The ingenious dialogue here mentioned was entitled "Timothy and Philatheus," [not "Philautus"] "in which the principles and projects of a late whimsical book, entitled, 'The rights of the christian church, &c.' [by Dr. Tindal] are fairly stated and answered in their kinds. Written by a layman." Printed at London in 3 vols. 8vo. 1709. Mr. Oldisworth was the author.

LETTER XI.

- 43. Note. Such was, at that time, the partiality in favour of Italian operas, that, after many such had been encouraged by large subscriptions, this of "Calypso and Tele-machus," originally written and set in English after the Italian manner, was prepared with the usual expence of scenes and decorations; and being much crowded and applauded at the rehearsals, a subscription was obtained for it as usual. This alarmed the whole Italian band, who apprehending that their harvest would soon be at an end, had interest enough (the duke of Shrewsbury, whose dutchess was an Italian, being then lord chamberlain) to procure an order, the day before the performing of this opera, to take off the sub-

subscription for it, and to open the house at the lowest prices, or not at all. This was designed to sink it, but failed of its end. It was, however, performed, though under so great discouragement; and was revived, some years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

LETTER XIV.

- 50. Note. "It is to be regretted," says Dr. Warton, in his 'essay on Pope,' "that Mr. Handel has not set to music Pope's 'ode' as well as Dryden's." But should it not be observed, that that excellent poet, as well as judge of music, Mr. Hughes, was the first who altered "Alexander's feast" for music?

"Monthly review, vol. xiv, p. 529."

LETTER XXVI.

- 80. A late excellent developer of the human heart, [Mrs. Catherine Talbot] in her xvith "essay," p. 133, after drawing, with great precision, "that kind of shatter-witted amiable character, which gains no confidence and loses all respect; that careless, gay, good-humoured creature, as full of liveliness and entertainment as void of caution and discretion, which lives on from moment to moment, without meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains to do good;" adds, "By all I could ever learn, the great and amiable Sir Richard Steele was one of these whimsical unhappy mortals. With a genius and a heart that few have ever equalled, he had this defect in conduct to such a degree, as made him, in every respect, but that of an author, as hurtful a member of society as well could be. Wit like his turned his very  
distresses

“ distresses into entertainment, and it is hard to say, whether he raised in his acquaintance more love, diversion, or compassion. But what pity it is, that such a mind should have had any blemish at all!”

LETTER XXXVI.

—102. In a “collection of poems” by Mrs. Elizabeth Tollet, a lady of genius, learning, and fortune, (published, after her death, in 1755) are the following verses in memory of Mrs. Bridges:

“ If copious wealth, enjoy'd to full content,  
“ Or length of days, in peace and honour spent,  
“ Is all the anxious heart of man can crave,  
“ Yet here they cease and vanish in the grave :  
“ Behold the sacred stone, where Bridges lies,  
“ But spare your tears, for virtue never dies.

She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88.

LETTER XXXVIII.

—108. Bishop Hoadly's sermon “on the nature of Christ's kingdom,” preached before the king March 31, 1717, having been attacked by Dr. Andrew Snape, the bishop published an answer, in which, upon occasion of a report spread by some persons about the town, that he was put upon preaching that sermon, to serve some political ends, he uses these words; “God knows, I preached what I found there [in the New Testament] without the knowledge of any man living.” This solemn and positive declaration was inconsistent with a story that had been



been told Dr. Snape, namely, that the "sermon" was preached with the knowledge and submitted to the correction of a certain person, who advised the making alterations in it. Upon this, in his "second letter," he thus addresses himself to the bishop: "I must needs say, your  
 " evasive equivocal way of writing favours very strongly  
 " of such communication, [that is, with a Jesuit] and  
 " whether the same person may not have helped you to a  
 " mental reservation to justify a solemn appeal to God,  
 " that what you preached was 'without the knowledge  
 " of any man living,' when a living man has testified that  
 " it was preached with his knowledge, and submitted to  
 " his correction, your lordship best knows." This was no sooner published than the bishop of Bangor called upon Dr. Snape for the proof of what he had asserted; who presently declared that he had received that account from Dr. Hutchinson, who had heard the bishop of Carlisle say, that he had spoken with the person who advised the bishop of Bangor, upon reading his sermon, to insert such words as "absolutely, properly," &c. And that some days after, the same divine again assured him, that he had heard the same prelate a second time declare that matter to be true, and that he would justify it to all the world. Upon this, Dr. Snape drew up that passage, waited upon the bishop of Carlisle, read it to him, and was allowed by him to publish it, with an assurance that he would stand to it. This was the substance of Dr. Snape's advertisement; to which the bishop of Carlisle was persuaded to add, "This  
 " is true," though he afterwards declared that it was not strictly so. However, being now called upon to name the "living man," who was to attest the truth of what he  
 asserted,

asserted, he fixed on Dr. Kennet, [dean of Peterborough] who, he declared, according to the best of his remembrance, was the person who told him, that the sermon was preached with his knowledge, and submitted to his correction; and that the Dr. advised and with difficulty prevailed to have the above-mentioned words inserted. This was denied by Dr. Kennet, in the most solemn manner, in all his conversations, public advertisements, and private letters to his friends, and even in his last will, so great was the impression it made upon him.

See the "life of bishop Kennet," p. 165, &c.  
and the "appendix" to it.

On the 1st of January, 1900, the first of the new year was celebrated in the city of New York. The city was filled with the spirit of the new year, and the people were all happy and cheerful. The city was filled with the spirit of the new year, and the people were all happy and cheerful. The city was filled with the spirit of the new year, and the people were all happy and cheerful.

System of Public Health, p. 104, 105.

11-01-1964

# A P P E N D I X.

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## MINUTES FOR AN ESSAY ON THE HARMONY OF VERSE\*.

By Mr. HUGHES

IN THE PREFACE.

....**AS** this discourse must necessarily be often dry and minute in the rules, it has been endeavoured to enliven it, and relieve the reader, by selecting examples, which, besides the

\* Many of the thoughts in this essay, unfinished as it is, are similar to those of the author's learned friend Mr. Say, in his two essays "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers," which were written in the year 1737, at the request of Mr. Richardson, the painter, and published, after Mr. Say's death, in 1745. See letter iv, note.



reasons for which they are cited, have a beauty of thought and expression, and an agreeable variety.

SECTION I.

Sir William Temple's reason of the force of poetry among the ancients, from the union of the three powers of painting, eloquence, and music.

The ancient poetry was all sung.

The variation of the numbers among the ancients in poetry, as well as in music, was to express the passions.

On the chorus of the ancient tragedy.

Rude sketches like these, by the hand of a master, are always less valuable for having been touched upon by an inferior pencil : they are therefore submitted to the connoisseur in their original form, and in those draughts where only the outline is chalked, or, without a metaphor, where the rules are not confirmed by examples, his own sagacity and observation will readily supply them. The passages between hooks [ ] are added by the editor.

See

See a passage in Aristotle's problem, by which it appears that not only the chorus but the scenes, were sung, or spoken to a kind of modulation, like recitative music.

On the ancient ode, the strophe, antistrophe, and epodon.

The harmony of verse then originally was its aptness for music. And what was afterwards called harmony in verse had an analogy to this first use of poetry.

Harmony in verse is therefore an apt disposition of the words, so as to affect the ear of the reader with a sort of musical delight.

This is found, in a less degree, in all oratorical prose; for instance, in Cicero's "orations." Livy's "Roman history," which is perhaps written more in the oratorical than in the historical style, is a kind of numerous prose, and it is observed by Dryden, that the very first line of it,

*Facturusne operæ pretium sim,*

is

is an hexameter hemistich, [and that of Tacitus an entire one ;

*Urbem Romam à principio Reges habuere.*

Livy too, describing the glorious effort of a tribune to break through a brigade of the enemy, just after the battle of Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verse not unworthy of Virgil himself :

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque  
Facto per medios, &c.\*]*

Some modern instances of numerous prose.

[“Then was the war shivered,” says Milton, “into small frays or bickerings, at wood  
“or waters, as chance or valour, advice or  
“rashness, led them on; commanded, or  
“without command.”]

Another celebrated writer, contemporary with Milton, thus closes his account of the

\* Dryden's preface to “Virgil's pastorals, p. 98.

mental prayer of the mystics, now called *Quietists*: “A kind of purgatory it is in devotion; something out of this world, and not in another; above the earth, and beneath heaven; where we will leave it in clouds and darkness.” And Mr. Say, like Longinus, thus describes, and at the same time exemplifies, the use and power of the iambic and anapæst, with which Cicero flashes in the face of guilty Catiline, “It hās āt ōnce ā shārp  
“ ānd ā sūdden fōund: thē fāme whīch mēn  
“ ūse whēn thēy pōur ōūt ā tōrrēt ōf wōrds  
“ in thēir ānger\*.”]

The affectation of this is, however, a great fault, and the distinction between prose and verse is better preserved now than formerly.

The first thing that constitutes the harmony of verse is the measure.

2. The feet among the ancients, dactyls, spondees, &c.

\* Essay i, p. 125.

3. The



3. The just observation of the quantity of the syllables, and the laying the accent harmoniously, that no syllable may be forced out of its natural sound.

4. The variation of the pauses.

5. The order, or situation, of the words: for instance, "I heaven invoke. Heaven I invoke."

As our verse is less numerous than that of the ancients, our prose is so too in proportion; so that among us the distinction between verse and prose is kept as wide as among them; our prose admitting of fewer transpositions of the words out of their natural order, and our verse being sprinkled with such transpositions as sometimes give a majesty to it, though they would be affected in prose.

Vossius is mistaken in asserting, p. 33, that the moderns have no distinction of feet, or quantities of syllables, and nothing but the "sound of like endings," now called "rhyme,"  
which

which he compares to the motion of a drunken man.

See *Dionys. Halic. de verborum collocatione.*

However faulty the French may be, it is plain that this is not true when applied to English poetry. It must be allowed that, having no *prosodia*, we have not yet distinguished more than the number of syllables in each verse, but have not divided those syllables into different feet with distinct names. That a certain number of syllables, for example, ten, which is the number allotted to our heroic verse, is not always sufficient to frame a verse, may be seen from the following line, set down three several ways:

The Saxons reign'd long since o'er this island.  
O'er this island long since reign'd the Saxons.  
Long since o'er this island the Saxons reign'd.

This is no verse, though there are ten syllables in it; but let the words be placed in the following order,

Long since the Saxons o'er this island reign'd,

V. i.

li

and

and you will find it is a verse, and reads very harmoniously.

## SECTION II.

THE ancient heroic verse was varied by the different feet, dactyls and spondees, and consisted of a different number of syllables. The English heroic consists of ten syllables, yet of different feet, according as the accent falls on those syllables.

Examples of this :

Ō could Ī | flōw līke | thēe, ānd | māke thȳ  
strēam

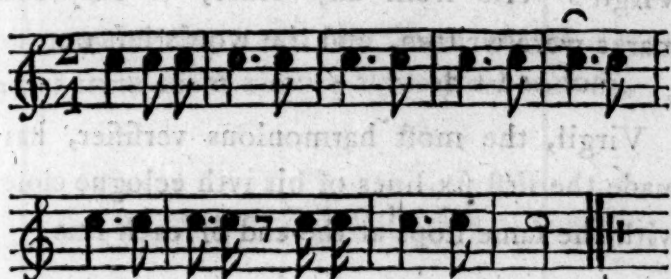
Mȳ|grēat ex|āmplē, ās ĩt īs mȳ thēme !

In this couplet, the first syllable in the first line is long, and with the two short ones that follow may be reckoned to make one foot of the verse. In the second line, the first syllable is short, and the second long. But the variation of the length and shortness of the syllables, and consequently the various falling of the accent, will best be seen in a diagram :

1st

1st line.

2d line.



The ill found of verse is either when the measure is ill chosen, as

When I sigh by my Phyllis, and gaze on  
those eyes,

which is a kind of a jig movement, or triple time ; or when the quantity of syllables is not duly observed, as

[Before he 'scap'd, so it pleas'd my destiny  
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me  
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful,  
&c. Donne.]

Or when the stops are not varied.

Dr. Aldrich fancied he could distinguish  
I i 2 Virgil's



Virgil's verse from any other, if only the marks were written, and the words left out.

Virgil, the most harmonious versifier, has made the first six lines of his ivth eclogue close with the same stops at the end of each line :

*Sicelides musæ, paulo majora canamus.  
Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ,  
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint consule dignæ.  
Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.  
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.  
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

Dryden, though in a language that admits of less variation of harmony, has translated them thus :

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier strain !  
Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade  
the plain,  
Delight not all ; Sicilian muse prepare  
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's  
care.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,  
Renews its finish'd course, Saturnian times  
Roll round again, &c.

By

By which means, the lines being drawn out one into another, and the stops varied, there arises from them a more agreeable harmony.

### SECTION III.

THERE is yet another cause of the harmony, which arises from the varying the sense and grammatical construction of the sentences, which alters the modulation of the voice.—The measure, feet, accents, pauses, come under an analogy to time in music. This part is analogous to tone.

The voice in reading rises, or falls, according to the different sense, or construction, of the sentences which express that sense.

That there are some words which emphatically engage the voice is seen by the custom which has often prevailed of marking with *Italic characters*.

Affirmations lower the voice in the end of a sentence; interrogations and admirations raise it.

it. No one will doubt that this variation of the tone of the voice has its force in harmonious verse.

If too many verses follow one another with interrogations, there will be a *κακίφωνα*.

Example, from Denham :

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,  
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?  
And for that lethargy was there no cure,  
But to be cast into a calenture ?  
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ? &c.

.....  
Who sees these dismal heaps, but wou'd demand  
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?  
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk, did bring  
This desolation, but a christian king ;  
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears  
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,  
What, does he think, our sacrilege would spare,  
When such th' effects of our desolations are ?

If the last lines were left out, which are a  
tautology in the sense, as well as a repetition  
of

of the found, the harmony would certainly be better.

An instance of the tone finely varied :

[No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices uttering joy.

Milton.]

Another cause of harmony is a due mixture of polysyllables and monosyllables. Donne's verse is vicious in having so many monosyllables, and no stops.

Another cause is turns and repetitions, sometimes of the same word, sometimes of the same line. For the first, an example in the stanza of Spenser on music,

The joyous birds, &c.

Of the second, Milton's speech of Eve to Adam,

Sweet is the breath of morn, &c.

Words



Words in the same line beginning with a letter (commonly called alliteration) too minute, though affected by Dryden, [viz.

The silent Lethe leads her gentle flood,  
About the boughs a numerous nation flew,  
&c.]

Another principal cause of the music of poetry is the making the sound to imitate the sense. Lord Roscommon's character of Virgil,

The sound is still a comment to the sense.

The first and most common way of accenting the verse is to make it consist of five feet to each line, and in each foot the first syllable short, the second long ; as thus :

Äs | whēn | sōme grēat | änd grācious prīn|cēs  
dies, |  
Sōft whīs|pērs fīrst, | änd-mōurn|fūl mūr|murs  
rīse |  
Ämōng | thē fād | ättē|dānts, thēn | thē sōund |  
Soön gā|thērs vōice, änd sprēads thē nēws  
äround.

This

This is the most vulgar, and the common people generally read all verse in this movement, laying the accent on the second syllable.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet  
not dull,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing  
full. Denham.

As the harmony of these lines has all the perfection that can arise from the unforced quantities of the syllables, so is that harmony varied by the stops, the diversifying the grammatical structure of each sentence, and the different placing of the accent on the words. It may seem very minute to explain this particularly; but because Dryden has somewhere\* mentioned the music of these lines as a riddle which few could explain, and has kept that secret to himself, it may not be amiss here to attempt a solution of it.

I shall say nothing of the natural and unforced quantities in these two lines, (which are

\* In his dedication of the "*Æneid*" to the marquess of Normanby, p. 277.

immediately obvious to every reader,) but only that by this means the verse is smooth, and there is no need to distort any word in the pronouncing to make it stand in the verse. The four pauses are also musical, each containing an entire sentence; but this music would not be so perfect, if the grammatical structure of each sentence was the same: as if, for example, it ran thus:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet  
lively;

Though strong, yet calm; though full, yet  
restrain'd.

This, though the quantities of the syllables were kept as exactly as at present, would not make so musical a verse. But, as it is in Denham, the second sentence is varied from the first, by the negative; the third from both the preceding; and the last sentence from the third, by the participle and the transposing the order of the words; and the closing the couplet with the emphatical word "full," completes the harmony.

Though

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet  
not dull ;

Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing  
full.

Thus it is plain that the first three sentences have a different grammatical form, which varies the sound of them, and the last, a different order of the words, which continues the variety. And if there be any other mystery in the music of these lines, I confess it is beyond my skill to discover it\*.

\* With the above the reader may compare the following account of the same couplet, given by Mr. Say :

“ A contrast to each other, I imagine, must be added to the  
“ many accounts that have been given of the pleasure which  
“ every reader feels in that celebrated distich in ‘ Cooper’s hill,’  
“ which Mr. Dryden has rendered so remarkable by proposing  
“ the true reason of it as a problem to torture the grammarians.  
“ For nothing can be more different than the sounds, and the  
“ numbers or movements in the two verses, as will appear to the  
“ ear itself, and by measuring the time in the feet of either that  
“ are opposed to the other,

“ Though dēep, yēt clēar, thōugh gēntlē, yēt nōt dūll :



“ where the verse moves as flow and silent, or as gentle, as the  
 “ river; all in iambics, if we call them so, that are nearer to  
 “ spondees, excepting in one place, where it would have been  
 “ a manifest impropriety.

“ But stronger ideas required numbers stronger and fuller;  
 “ and such is the following verse:

“ Strong, without rage; without overflowings, full.

“ It begins with a trochee, which gives motion to the river;  
 “ but checked by a spondee of two very long times, opposed to  
 “ the shorter times of that which stands in the same place in the  
 “ preceding verse; as the trochee here is opposed to a spon-  
 “ dee of longer sound in the former. The like we may observe  
 “ in the true or genuine iambic in the third foot, which is opposed  
 “ to the gentler spondee above it; and as the weakest sounds fall,  
 “ as the ideas require they should, on the fourth and fifth feet in  
 “ the first, so the sounds that fill and arrest the ear, stand in the  
 “ fourth movement here, and yet are closed in the most agreeable  
 “ manner, as the law of the distich generally demands, with a  
 “ real iambic, or sounds that approach the nearest to it. And  
 “ the last half of the former verse has no beauty, in my opinion,  
 “ but what is owing to this opposition, and its agreement with  
 “ the image it represents.”

“ Essay on the numbers of Paradise Lost, p. 151-3.”

THE WAY TO WRITE HARMONIOUSLY.

1. A good ear.

2. Observation of the reasons of harmony ; nothing that is artful being the effect of chance, but governed by some rules, though those rules are not commonly known, or set down in writing.

3. The frequent reading of the most harmonious writers, especially when you are going to write. This puts the ear in tune.

EXAMPLES OF MUSICAL PASSAGES IN VERSE.

Dryden's Salmoneus from Virgil very musically translated, and with a strength of sound equal to the subject. His Cæcilia's ode.

TURN AND REPETITION OF WORDS.

Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,  
" Fie, Salmacis, what always idle, fie !

" Or

“ Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,  
 “ And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.”  
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e’er would seize,  
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.

Addison’s Ovid.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*

Virg.

A fault, but such a fault, as all believe,  
 Had claim’d forgiveness, could but hell forgive.

.....

Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could bind.

Dryden.

There rest,—if any rest can harbour there.

Milton.

[Was I deceiv’d, or did a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night.]

Ditto.]

— *Crudelis tu quoque mater, &c.*

Virg.

— *Quid habes illius illius,  
 Quæ spirabat amores?*

Hor. ad Lycen.  
 Tasso’s

Taffo's stanza like Spenser's in the "Bower  
" of Blifs".

Dryden's translation of the "simile" in the  
second book of Virgil is more musical than  
the original.

Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the  
winds,

And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds:

About the roots the cruel axe resounds,

The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated  
wounds.

The war is felt on high, the nodding crown

Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy  
honours down, &c.

And Æneas's last speech to Turnus, Book xii.

— *Tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum, &c.*

Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,

Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?

To his sad soul a grateful offering go;

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this dreadful blow!

In



In music it is not allowed to take two eighths or two fifths in sequence, because these being perfect concords, the first especially, and nearly related to the unison, if the composer takes two of them following one another, the harmony is said to stand still, or to have no progression. Though this is not to be applied, with the utmost strictness, to poetry, yet it is certain, that, if many couplets follow one another, all stopped alike, (as suppose the first line of each of them with a comma, the second with a period, or full stop,) there is a like fault.

Examples :

[A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
Clear as a flood, the shining sands below.

Pope.

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace.

Ditto.]

But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,  
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest.

Addison's Ovid.

Here

Here it is plain that the sound of the first line is repeated in the second of each couplet, so the ear is cloyed, and the harmony has no progression.

For the variation of pauses see the speeches in the two first books of *Paradise Lost*, [and particularly the invocation, or argument to that poem, where, for forty lines together, the same numbers, in every respect, are scarce once repeated. See also Dryden's translation of the beginning of the third Georgic.]

OF BURDENS IN SONGS, OR IN OTHER POETRY.

The fault of Virgil, *Incipe, Mœnaios, &c.* The same in Theocritus, and other ancient poets. The burden in Prior's *Nut-brown Maid* the best instance to be found.

See an instance in Pastorella,

*Lascia ——— ed ama;*

and in Tasso's *Aminta*,

V. 1.

L 1

*Cangia*

*Cangia cangia consilio*

*Pazzarella che sei.*

The right use of all these minute rules is neither to be too thoughtful of them when you write, nor wholly negligent of them. They operate best when formed into a habit, like the graces in music, or a manner in playing or singing.

The effect is certain, that the music of verse is a very delightful part, and in the foregoing discourse it is endeavoured to show the causes,

#### OF THE IMPEDIMENTS TO HARMONY IN VERSE.

1. Too many consonants in a language, or too many vowels. The extremes are the High Dutch, (or Welch,) and the Italian. 2. Unison rhymes, or words jingling in the same line, which was a fault among the ancients, and is so still, though we have admitted rhyme. Thus Cicero,

*O fer-*

*O fortunatam natam me consule Romam,*

[which, bad as it is, Dryden, in his translation, has happily made worse,

Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome,  
Till I, her consul sole, consol'd her doom.]

*Vossius de viribus rythmi.*

*Membris et articulis distinctum.*

P. 4. *Primo enim observârunt, &c. ut cantui aptentur.*

Pyrrichius dissyll. ∪ ∪. Spondee — —.

Iâmbic ∪ —. Trochee — ∪.

In trisyllables there is a greater variety, as

Tribrachys ∪ ∪ ∪. Molossus — — —.

Anapæst ∪ ∪ —. Dactyl — ∪ ∪.

Spondees give the hexameter verse weight,  
dactyls volubility.



The vast variation of the ancient feet, p. 8,  
in all, 124 various kinds.

See Voffius, p. 10.

Of what force the ancient numbers were  
may be conjectured from Plato's banishing  
some movements of verse from his common-  
wealth. This is not to be understood, unless  
we consider that music was joined with it, and  
it is certain that some music is manly and  
grave, and some soft and effeminate.

Milton's "sounds marry'd to immortal  
"verse."

The Pythagoreans called verse the male, and  
music the female.

See Voffius, p. 14.

About the time of Ptolemy Philopater, Ari-  
stophanes, the grammarian, changed the Greek  
*prosodia*, (after which the marks were diffe-  
rently written, and untuned the ancient verse.)

P. 22. "The French not only neglect the  
"natural quantity of the syllables, but for the  
"most

“ most part also the accents themselves.”

[Hence the common joke upon them,

Nos Galli non curāmus quantitātem.]

Virgil, to avoid rhyme in his verse, chose to write,

*Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ,*

instead of *timidæ*. [And the nice ears of the court of Augustus could not bear the jingle of *At regina pyrâ*.]

*Quæ sunt ampla et pulchra, &c. quæ lepida et concinna, &c. Rhætor. ad Herennium, lib. 4.*

See p. 30. *De amisso antiquo cantu versuum.*

Quintilian says, that “ the reading of poetry should be so managed as to resemble “ neither prose nor singing.” [The Italians seem to attempt this in their reading of poetry.] The vulgar pronunciation is *völucrēs*, the poetical *völucrēs*.

The

The French have no dactyl ; the English no anapæst. French abounds in iambics and anapæsts, English in dactyls and trochees.

Vossius falsely calls English “soft and effeminate.” A ridiculous fancy of Vossius’s barber combing his head in iambics, trochees, dactyls, &c. which, he says, gave him great pleasure.

O F R H Y M E, &c.

To be treated in the last place. . . . .

The

The FOLLOWING PIECES

ARE OMITTED IN THE

COLLECTION of Mr. HUGHES's WORKS

PUBLISHED IN 1735.

DEDICATION\* [of Charon, or the Ferry-boat]  
to the Swiss COUNT [HEIDEGGER.]

S I R,

IT would be lessening a man of your fame, not to imagine you sufficiently known by the title, which, by the courtesy of England, you have long enjoyed, and which therefore needs not the addition of your name. But not to lose time in ceremony, I hasten to give you and the reader some reasons for this dedication.

It is a piece of craft often practised among authors, when they are about to publish some trifle which they suspect may lie too quietly in the bookfeller's shop, to help it off

\* See note on letter lii, p. 138.

by



by the choice of a patron, whose name and character may be a means to make it spread. It is for this reason, and knowing that you go into a great deal of company, that I have taken the liberty (for which I beg your pardon) of pinning this paper to your sleeve. If I had interest enough in you to get you to recommend it to all your friends, customers, and subscribers, it might, for ought I know, reach almost *all christian people whom these presents may concern.* No one perhaps of this age has had so great a hand as yourself in furnishing out many of the wares, which persons in the circumstances of those represented in the following vision are the most loth to part with. It is now, I think, for some years, that you have been chief provider of diversions and amusements for the service of the inhabitants of this island, some of which you have imported from abroad, and others you have varied and embellished with so extensive and skilful a genius, that it is no wonder that most who have had a taste of them are so very unwilling to remove from hence, or to leave them behind. I hope it will not be thought inferior to your character, if I should

should call you a sort of property-man to the great stage of the world. Those who are acquainted with the inside of the play-house know, that there is a certain officer with that title, who has in his keeping a whole warehouse of all the toys and trinkets made use of by the players upon the theatre, and gives them out, and takes them back, as there is occasion. I had once therefore thought of assigning you a station, in the following vision, near Mercury, where, as the dead were stripped, you might have had an opportunity of stopping whatever belonged to your office, and have taken your own goods again: but I considered how full your hands are of business, and how ill a person of your importance could be spared.

With these and the like thoughts in my head, and a proof-sheet of the following papers in my hand, which had been just brought me from the press, I happened to fall asleep, and had a very whimsical dream; which, because it concerns you, and at the same time is a sort of an appendix to the vision I am presenting to you, I beg leave to relate here in the dedication.

V. I.

M m

Me-

Methought you were very gay one night over a bottle of champaign at the *blue posts* in your neighbourhood ; and being somewhat elevated by your late successes, and wisely thinking at the same time how to provide for the future, you fell into a new project, to which you were encouraged by a certain poet of your acquaintance, then in your company, who undertook to sell you some acres of ground to build upon in the Elysian-fields. You had very prudently considered, that vast numbers of people who are travelling towards the regions below, would probably be at a loss, when they come thither, how to spend their time. Your design therefore was to erect a large square of buildings for such sort of entertainments and diversions, as are usual at carnivals, and to call it by the name of HEIDEGGER'S FOLLY. You procured, in the first place, a large subscription to be paid you down in ready money, and then with a choice colony of fiddlers, dancers, tumblers, carpenters, scene-painters, and the like ; and many waggon - loads of painted cloth, machines, rich furniture, variety of the newest habits, and other valuable curiosities,

you

you set forward on the road towards your intended new plantation. But, alas, the hard fate of projectors ! Before you came half way to the place, a sudden storm of wind arose, overturned and disfurnished your waggons in a moment, and as if they had been loaded only with chaff or feathers, whirled away their whole contents over a vast vacuity, into the *limbo* described by Milton in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*. I was so struck with concern for you and your good company, that I waked in a fright, and was glad to find by the advertisement inserted in the Daily Courant, of the next ball to be in the Hay-market, that you were probably at that time in good health, and in no such great haste to be gone from us.

But to draw to an end. I have heard of a pleasant fellow who had an affair depending in the reign of king Charles the second, and humorously made a request to the duke of Buckingham, who was then in great favour and popularity, that his grace would only be pleased to let him stop him the next day, when his business was to come on, in some very public



place, and give the petitioner leave to hold him in a seeming whisper for two minutes, amongst a crowd of observers. This artifice alone did more than several months soliciting, and his affair succeeded to his wish. I have used the same stratagem with you, in hopes of the like success ; and therefore thanking you now for your ear, and for the honour I have taken to myself, of an acquaintance I never had with you before, I release you from any further trouble, and am (though still unknown)

Sir,

Your obliged humble servant.

WRIT-

WRITTEN in a WINDOW at GREENHITHE\*.

**G**REAT president of light and eye of day,  
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,  
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,  
And see us celebrate the genial feast,  
Confess, that, in your progress round the sphere,  
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beauties here.

1708.

The T O A S T E R S.

**W**HILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,  
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,

\* Ince Grice (now called Ingress) a place once belonging to the priory of Dartford, very agreeably situated near the Thames. It then belonged to Jonathan Smith, esq; who, with his brother Capt. Nathaniel Smith resided there, and made considerable improvements in the house and gardens.

See "Harris's history of Kent," p. 309. See also letter v of this collection, p. 20.

It is now the seat of John Calcraft, esq; member of parliament for Rochester.

You

You ask, my friends, how can my silent muse  
 To Montagu's \* soft name a verse refuse ?  
 Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,  
 By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung,  
 Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,  
 I see her features uninspiring shine ;  
 A softer fair my soul to transport warms,  
 And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms †.  
 1709.

TOFTS † and MARGARITA §.

**M**USIC has learn'd the discords of the state,  
 And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.

\* Mary dutchess of Montagu, (born in 1689,) youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, and mother to the present dutchess of Montagu.

† See letter lxxxiii, p. 212.

‡ Mrs. Tofts took her first grounds of music here in her own country, before the Italian taste had so highly prevailed.—Whatever defect the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine proportioned figure, and exquisitely sweet silver tone of her voice, with the peculiar rapid softness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour.

“ Cibber's apology, &c. p. 319.”

§ Signora

Here Somerset and Devonshire attend  
 The British Tofts, and every note commend,  
 To native merit just, and pleas'd to see  
 We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free.  
 There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,  
 While list'ning peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy :  
 Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,  
 And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes :  
 Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares  
 Of England's safety in Italian airs.  
 Who would not send each year blank pass'es o'er,  
 Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

### The WANDERING BEAUTY.

#### I.

**T**HE graces and the wand'ring loves  
 Are fled to distant plains,  
 To chase the fawns, or in deep groves  
 To wound admiring swains.

§ Signora Margarita de L' Epine, afterwards married to Dr. Pepusch. She performed the part of Calypso in Mr. Hughes's "opera," and in his "ode to the memory of the duke of Devonshire" Signora Margarita performed Britannia, and Mrs. Tofts Augusta. She also sung in several of his "cantatas" set by Dr. Pepusch.

With



With their bright mistrefs there they stray,  
 Who turns her carelefs eyes  
 From daily triumphs; yet, each day,  
 Beholds new triumphs in her way  
 And conquers while she flies.

## 2.

But fee! implor'd, by moving prayers,  
 To change the lover's pain,  
 Venus her harnes'd doves prepares,  
 And brings the fair again.  
 Proud mortals, who this maid purfue,  
 Think you, ſhe'll e'er refign?  
 Ceafe, fools, your wifhes to renew,  
 Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,  
 Or you, like her, divine!

## S O N G S\*.

## I.

THY origin's divine, I fee,  
 Of mortal race thou can'ſt not be;

\* In the year 1709, Mr. Hughes was concerned in a periodical work, entitled "The monthly amufement," printed for Midwinter and Lintot. His tranſlation of Moliere's "Mifantrope" [ſee p. 44] was the ſecond number, May 1709. "The fair-maid of the inn" was tranſlated by him, from Cervantes, for the

Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;  
 Thy purple cheek outshines the rose;  
 And thy bright eye is brighter far  
 Than any planet, any star.  
 Thy fordid way of life despise,  
 Above thy slavery, Sylvia, rise;  
 Display thy beauteous form and mien.  
 And grow a goddess, or a queen.

## II.

**C**ONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave  
 Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!  
 Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try  
 From fond pursuing love to fly.

## 2.

Thy pity to my love impart,  
 Pity my bleeding aching heart,

the same purpose, but not printed. These songs were inserted in it. They are "original," but so artfully drawn up, as to give occasion for the same critical remarks that Cervantes makes on his "own" songs. Many years after, Mr. Jabez Hughes translated the same "novel," probably without having seen or heard of his brother's translation. The songs are there closely traced from Cervantes, which was a work of some difficulty. It is inserted among "The select collection of novels and "histories," printed for Watts, 1729, vol. ii, p. 173.

V. I.

N n

Regard

Regard my sighs and flowing tears,  
And with a smile remove my fears.

3.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,  
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,  
Ere yet the western sun decline,  
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

### III.

**T**HREE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,  
For thee a servant's form I wear;  
Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,  
For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:  
Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame  
For ever will remain the same;  
My love, that ne'er will cease, my love  
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED from PERSIAN VERSES,  
Alluding to the custom of women being buried with  
their husbands, and men with their wives.

**E**TERNAL are the chains, which here  
The generous souls of lovers bind,

When

When Hymen joins our hands, we swear  
 To be for ever true and kind;  
 And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,  
 Left we our solemn vows should break,  
 In the same grave our living corps we lay,  
 And willing the same fate partake:

A N O T H E R.

**M**Y dearest spouse, that thou and I  
 May shun the fear which first should die,  
 Clasp'd in each others arms we'll live,  
 Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,  
 That neither may at last survive,  
 But gently both at once expire.

On ARQUEÄNASSA of COLOPHOS.  
 From the Greek of Plato.

**A**RQUEÄNASSA's charms inspire  
 Within my breast a lover's fire;  
 Age, its feeble spite displaying,  
 Vainly wrinkles all her face,  
 Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,  
 Charm my eyes with lasting grace:



But before old Time purfued her,  
 Ere he funk thefe little caves,  
 How I pity thofe who view'd her,  
 And in youth were made her flaves !

On FULVIA, the wife of ANTONY.

From the Latin of Auguftus Cæfar.

**W**HILE from his confort falfe Antonius flies,  
 And doats on Glaphyra's \* far brighter eyes,  
 Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,  
 Reprifals feeks, and fpreads for me her fnares.  
 "The husband's falfe"—But why muft I endure  
 This naufeous plague, and her revenge procure ?  
 What though ſhe ask !—How happy were my doom,  
 Should all the difcontented wives of Rome  
 Repair in crowds to me, when fcorn'd at home !  
 " 'Tis war," ſhe ſays, " if I refuſe her charms :"  
 Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets ſound to arms !

\* The poetical name for Citheris, an actress, of whom Antony was enamoured. Virgil conſoles Gallus for her infidelity (in the xth eclogue) under the name of "Lycoris." This epigram is preſerved by Martial.

HUDIBRAS

## HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in the year 1710.

**O** BLESSED time of reformation,  
 That's now beginning through the nation!  
 The *Jacks* bawl loud for church triumphant,  
 And swear all whigs shall kiss the rump on't.  
 See how they draw the beastly rabble  
 With zeal and noises formidable,  
 And make all cries about the town  
 Join notes to roar fanatics down!  
 As bigots give the sign about,  
 They stretch their throats with hideous shout.  
 Black tinkers bawl aloud "to fettle  
 "Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."  
 Each fow-gelder, that blows his horn,  
 Cries out "to have dissenters sworn."  
 The oyster-wenches lock their fish up,  
 And cry, "No presbyterian bishop!"  
 The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,  
 And 'gainst "low church men" loudly cry,  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 That trims betwixt the land and water,  
 And leaves his mother in the lurch,  
 To side with rebels 'gainst the church!

Some

Some cry for "penal laws," instead  
 Of "pudding-pies, and gingerbread:,"  
 And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"  
 Roar out, "God bless our commons house!  
 Some bawl "the votes" about the town,  
 And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."  
 Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,  
 "Confound the late whig-ministry!"  
 And some, for "any chairs to mend,"  
 The commons late address commend.  
 Some for "old gowns for china ware,"  
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"  
 And some, for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"  
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"  
 He that cries "coney-skins, or onions."  
 Blames "toleration of opinions."  
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrnety,  
 Rail at "occasional conformity."  
 Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"  
 Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"  
 Masons, instead of "building houses,"  
 To "build the church," would starve their spouses,  
 And gladly leave their trades, for storming  
 The meeting-houses, or informing.  
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,  
 Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,

Rogues,

Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether  
A church's inside's stone or leather,  
Yet join the parsons and the people  
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own  
For your true sons, and such alone,  
Then heaven have mercy upon you,  
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

The H U E and C R Y.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,  
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,  
All, who in town or country dwell!  
Say, can you tale or tidings tell  
Of Tortorella's \* hasty flight?  
Why in new groves she takes delight,

\* Mrs. Barbier, a celebrated actress and singer, who had then eloped from her father's house with a gallant. Mr. Hughes first recommended her to the notice of the public in the "Spectator," vol. iii, numb. 231, for "her more than ordinary concern on her first appearance, in the opera of 'Almahide,' no less than her agreeable voice and just performance." She performed the part of Telemachus in Mr. Hughes's opera of "Calypso," and Daphne in his masque of "Apollo and Daphne." A late noble lord, who knew her well, expressed his opinion of her as follows:



And if in concert, or alone,  
The cooing murmurer makes her moan ?

Now learn the marks, by which you may  
Trace out and stop the lovely fray !

Some wit, more folly, and no care,  
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air ;  
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,  
In whom all contradictions meet ;  
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,  
Form'd both to charm you and displease you ;  
Much want of judgment, none of pride,  
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide ;  
Brown skin, her eyes of fable hue,  
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

Genteel her motion, when she walks,  
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks ;  
Knows all the world, and its affairs,  
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,  
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,  
Leads honest, or dishonest, lives ;

lows : "She never could rest long in a place ; her affectations in-  
" creased with her years. I remember her in the parts of Turnus  
" and Orontes, when the operas of Camilla and Thomyris were  
" represented at Lincoln's-inn-fields. She loved change so well,  
" that she liked to change her sex."

What

What money match'd each youth or maid,  
And who was at each masquerade;  
Of all fine things in this fine town,  
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,  
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;  
And if you bring the vagrant beauty  
Back to her mother and her duty,  
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,  
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;  
Or more, if more you wish and may,  
Try if at church the words she'll say,  
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

1717.

# The MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-house\* in Surry.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;  
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;  
Not ev'n a gnat disturb'd the peace profound;  
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch, unwound;  
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,  
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;

\* The seat of Mr. Bridges.

V. I.

O o

No

No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,  
 Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;  
 Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,  
 But the dim watch-light seem'd itself asleep,  
 When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay  
 In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say :  
 When hark ! a sudden noise—See ! open flies  
 The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,  
 Fast clos'd awhile ; and as their lids I rear'd,  
 Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,  
 While through my parted curtains rushing broke  
 A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.  
 Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream ;  
 Hear, mortals, hear ! for real truth's my theme.  
 And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones  
 To look—when lo ! 'twas honest master Jones \* ;  
 Who wav'd his hand, to banish fears and sorrow,  
 Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd “ Good  
 “ morrow ! ”

1719.

\* The butler.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT from the PREFACE

to Mr. HUGHES'S POEMS, p. xxv.

“IT is generally allowed that the characters  
 “ in this tragedy [the ‘Siege of Damascus’]  
 “ are finely varied and distinguished; that the  
 “ sentiments are just, and well adapted to the  
 “ characters; that it abounds with beautiful  
 “ descriptions, apt allusions to the manners  
 “ and opinions of the times where the scene is  
 “ laid, and with noble morals; that the dic-  
 “ tion is pure, unaffected, and sublime, with-  
 “ out any meteors of style or ambitious or-  
 “ nament; and that the plot is conducted in  
 “ a simple and clear manner.

“ The only objection I have ever heard,  
 “ relates to the plan of it.

“ There does not appear (say some, who are  
 “ esteemed persons of very good taste and  
 “ judgment) a sufficient ground and founda-



“ tion for the distress in the ivth and vth  
 “ acts. For, what is Phocyas's crime? The  
 “ city of Damascus is besieged, and fiercely  
 “ attacked by the Saracens. There is little or  
 “ no prospect of relief. It must therefore  
 “ probably fall into their hands in a short  
 “ time, be sacked and plundered, and the gar-  
 “ rison and citizens enslaved. At this dan-  
 “ gerous juncture, Phocyas assists the enemy  
 “ to take it a few days sooner. But upon what  
 “ terms? That all, who lay down their arms,  
 “ shall be spared, and liberty granted to every  
 “ citizen, that shall chuse it, to leave the city,  
 “ and carry off with him a mule's burden of  
 “ his goods; the chiefs to have six mules,  
 “ and the governor ten; with arms for their  
 “ defence against the mountain robbers, (act  
 “ iv, scene i.) Inasmuch that Daran says, (act  
 “ v, scene i,)

— — — ‘ The land wears not the face  
 ‘ Of war, but trade; and looks as if its merchants  
 ‘ Were sending forth their loaded caravans  
 ‘ To all the neighbouring countries.’

“ What

“ What is there in all this that a virtuous  
 “ man might not have done for the good of  
 “ his country ? If Phocyas is guilty, his guilt  
 “ must consist in this only, that he performed  
 “ the same action from a sense of his own  
 “ wrongs, and to preserve the idol of his soul  
 “ from violation or death, which he might  
 “ have performed laudably upon better prin-  
 “ ciples. But this (say they) seems not a suffi-  
 “ cient ground for those strong and stinging  
 “ reproaches he casts upon himself, nor for  
 “ Eudocia’s rejecting him with so much seve-  
 “ rity. It would have been more rational  
 “ (considering the frailty of human nature,  
 “ and the violent temptations he lay under)  
 “ if he had been, at last, prevailed upon to  
 “ profess himself a Mahometan : for then his  
 “ remorse and self-condemnation would have  
 “ been natural, his punishment just, and the  
 “ character of Eudocia placed in a more ami-  
 “ able light.”

“ I own I am at a loss for an answer to this  
 “ objection, and therefore think myself obliged  
 “ to acquaint the reader, in order to do justice  
 “ to

“ to the author’s judgment, that he had formed  
 “ the play according to the plan here recom-  
 “ mended. But when it was offered to the ma-  
 “ nagers of Drury-lane house, in the year 1718,  
 “ they refused to act it, unless he would alter  
 “ the character of Phocyas, pretending that he  
 “ could not be a hero, if he changed his religion,  
 “ and that the audience would not bear the sight  
 “ of him after it, in how lively a manner soever  
 “ his remorse and repentance might be descri-  
 “ bed. . . . The author (being then in a very  
 “ languishing condition) finding that if he did  
 “ not comply, his relations would probably  
 “ lose the benefit of the play, consented,  
 “ though with reluctance, to new-model the  
 “ character of Phocyas.”

Thus far the editor.

To show how tender and reasonably passio-  
 nate the scene here mentioned is as the author  
 planned it ; and what scope it gives a masterly  
 actor to display his skill, who surely in such  
 an agony of soul, and so distracted with pas-  
 sion, is rather an object of pity than of detes-  
 tation, the original draught of it, (together  
 with

with some other passages that are omitted or altered in the printed copy) is here submitted to the public.

The lines marked with inverted commas are in both copies.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the City.

Shouts and noise of the siege : officers and others pass over the stage in a hurry.

First OFFICER.

Th' attack grows hot—let's to the eastern gate,  
The storm beats thickest there.

Second OFFICER.

Hark ! how they shout !  
All's lost if the barbarians force that entrance.

[Exeunt.

Enter HERBIS and soldiers, meeting ARTAMON.

HERBIS.

More engines there ! more hands ! the walls are thinn'd.  
The foe comes on ; we've spent our darts and javelins.  
Some



Some to the arsenal, quick, for fresh supplies.

O Artamon, is this a time to loiter?

ARTAMON.

No—but who knows what orders to obey,

Where all's distraction, hurry, and confusion?

HERBIS.

Where are the citizens?

ARTAMON.

Why, safe in corners;

Or else, like moles, working i'th' earth to hide

Their plate and jewels—'tis for us, poor rogues,

To get our brains knock'd out; the rich are wiser.

HERBIS.

Search every house,—we'll force the drones to fight

For their ill-gotten wealth, or send their wives

To guard it for 'em.—Ha! what mean those lights?

ARTAMON.

'Tis a procession to St. Thomas' church,

A last effort with heaven, to quit the score

Of long impiety in prosperous ease.

O how devout is fear in times of danger!

HERBIS.

HERBIS.

Where is Eumenes, where's the governor?

ARTAMON.

I left him in the square of St. Honoria,  
Besieg'd by his own people—Monks, and women,  
Boys, and a coward train of noisy rabble  
Pursue him through the streets, with prayers and tears,  
And, in despair, implore him to surrender.  
But see! he comes.

Enter EUMENES, followed by a crowd of people, &c.  
[as in the printed copy.]

# ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the outside of the City.

PHOCYAS and EUDOCIA in disguise, conducted by a  
centinel; PHOCYAS giving him money, he retires.

PHOCYAS.

Thus far we're safe—Why dost thou tremble?

EUDOCIA.

I know not why; 'tis a cold shivering fit

V. 1.

P p

That

That shoots through all my veins—'twill soon be over.  
Where lies our way ?

PHOCYAS.

See'st thou yon sepulchre ?  
The moon-beams shine upon its whiten'd walls.

EUDOCIA.

Down in the vale.

PHOCYAS.

The same; an arrow's flight,  
Sent from a feeble bow, would reach the place.  
There wait the mules; below it is the road,  
Close by our Abanah's gold-fanded stream,  
Where oft our couriers have escap'd the camp.

EUDOCIA.

Would we were there !

PHOCYAS.

First rest thee here, Eudocia,  
While I advance some paces to observe  
If all is safe.—Keep near the city-gate,  
And mark what sign I give thee.

[*Exeunt* severally.]

SCENE, Caled's Tent, &c. [as in the printed copy.]  
In

In the same A C T,

After PHOCYAS's Soliloquy on Death, and its interruption by DARAN, ABUDAH enters *with the Koran in his hand.*

..... " thou yet  
" Know'st not I am thy friend."

PHOCYAS.

Art thou my friend? Can this be possible?

ABUDAH.

I come to prove it.

To show thee, that among our fiercest tribes,  
Inur'd to hardy deeds of war, and cruel  
As thou believ'st us, thou may'st find a man,  
Who, not forgetting he's to sufferings born,  
Can pity those that suffer. I have listen'd,  
With sympathy of sorrow, to thy story;  
And let me now give counsel to thy griefs,

PHOCYAS,

" Thou speak'st me fair, &c."

In the same SCENE,

After

" Hah! who, what art thou? (*raving*)

Pp 2

" My



" My friend ? that's well : but hold—are all friends  
" honest?"

Follows

What means that book ?—

ABUDAH.

It is heaven's gift divine,  
Our holy law.—Here, take—nay hold it fast—  
Why shakes thy hand ?

PHOCYAS.

" Hush ! Hark ! what voice is that ?" &c.

After

" Villains ! Is there no way ? O save her, save her !"

Instead of "*Exit* with Abudah"

(Recovering, after a pause)

What's to be done ?—O heaven !

ABUDAH.

Heaven shows thee what,  
And points thee out the path to lasting peace.  
Here, kiss this sacred book ; and humbly own

(PHOCYAS kisses the book, with great reluctance  
and horror)

One

One Power Supreme, and Mahomet his prophet.  
Let me embrace thee, brother.

Enter CALED, ABUDAH meeting him.

Caled, 'tis done!—He's ours; the city's ours!  
This man is more than a whole province gain'd.

CALED.

And has he sworn obedience to our laws?

ABUDAH.

He has.

CALED (embracing him.)

Then thus we greet thee Muffulman!  
Our faith adopts thee to its choicest blessings:  
By the seven heavens I swear, that whate'er terms  
Have, in my name, been offer'd by Abudah,  
Shall strictly be fulfill'd.—But art thou ready?  
This moment calls to action.

PHOCYAS.

Lead me on;  
Give me my task, and let me lose for ever  
Each conscious stinging thought of what I was!  
A pressing gloom still hangs about my heart;  
I'll try to shake it off.

This

CALED.

This scymetar \*,

" Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself

(Giving the scymetar)

" At Chaibar's prosp'rous fight, shall 'grace' thy arm."

ABUDAH.

" The captains wait thy orders, &c."

After

—— " Mourn, thou haughty city!

" The bow is bent, nor can'st thou 'scape thy doom."

ABUDAH adds,

And thy own quiver sends forth shafts against thee.

CALED.

" I will command the troops of the black standard,

" And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

" Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse  
" him!"

DARAN.

" But why do we not move? 'Twill soon be day.

" Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with  
" action."

\* This scymetar, in the printed copy, is given to Daran.

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

There is a way—~~and he~~—

ABUDAH (to CALED.)

Hear Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

And, perhaps,  
Without the loss of blood, to take the city.  
Let but Abudah lead some chosen bands,  
I will conduct them to the gate, from whence  
I late escap'd, nor doubt by stratagem  
To gain admittance there.

CALED.

Then be it so.  
“ Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.  
“ Hear all ! &c.” (to the end of the act.)

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, a great Square in the City, before the  
Governor's Palace.

*Phocyas in a Saracen habit, ABUDAH, Saracen captains  
and foldiers, and a messenger from Eumenes.*

ABUDAH



ABUDAH to the messenger.

Let him come forth, if he would have protection.  
See'st thou our strength? Two gates are ours already,  
The arsenal too. Resistance were but madness.  
Yet tell him, he and all his friends are safe,  
So he resign the palace.

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH.

And the terms——(Showing a paper.)

ABUDAH.

By the day's dawning, and the evening shades,  
And by Medina's holy tomb, I swear,  
That all shall be made good.

PHOCYAS to the messenger.

Return this paper,  
And let him know 'tis granted. [Exit mess.  
Brave Abudah!

Thy godlike temper binds me firmer still  
To my new vows and thee; now thou'rt indeed  
A friend, and let me joy thee of a conquest,  
Which well thy noble clemency deserves.

ABUDAH.

Servant of Mahomet! hast not thou too  
Deserv'd this grant? How could a friend and brother  
Refuse thy merit ought?

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Behold Eumenes!

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, officers of the court, and attendants.

EUMENES, entering.

"It must be so, &c." [as in the printed copy.]

At the end of ABUDAH's speech,

And little do you think how much you owe

"To one brave" foe, "whom yet," I see, "you  
"know not."

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH, (aside.)

Abudah, I would be a while conceal'd.

EUMENES.

If there be such a friendly foe unknown,

Whose interposing pity breaks the fall

Of wretched men, heaven grant him all his wishes!

PHOCYAS (aside.)

Amen, O heaven! No thanks to thee who know'st not

Or what, or whom thou pray'st for. Guide me now,

Auspicious love, to find my life's chief joy,

And I've no more to ask. [Exit.

V. I.

Qq

ABUDAH.

ABUDAH.

Haste, Serjabil,  
And raise our standard o'er the palace-gate ;  
Then wait thy duty here.

Enter RAPHAN.

Raphan, thou'rt welcome.  
Thou know'st our orders; see thy troops observe them.  
On pain of death no violence be us'd,  
'Till force shall call for force.

EUMENES.

Generous Abudah !  
We have thy word, and doubt not of protection.

“ Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

“ All's lost ! &c.” (to the end of the scene.)

In SCENE II,

PHOCYAS going to embrace EUDOCIA, she starts back.

EUDOCIA.

Save me ! stand off ! Mercy of heaven ! what art thou ?

PHOCYAS.

Life of my soul ! it is my dress deceives thee.

Dost thou not know——

EUDOCIA.

EUDOCIA.

“ My Phocyas ! &c.” . . . . .

PHOCYAS.

“ I’ve borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.

“ But wherefore do I talk of death ?—for now”

To hold thee thus, thus to my beating heart,

Is more, much more, than life yet ever knew.—

Why weeps my fair ? What mean these gushing tears ?

EUDOCIA.

O Phocyas ! could’st thou think how I have pass’d

The hours of night, unknowing of thy safety,

My fancy tortur’d with ill-boding visions

That thou wert lost for ever ; could’st thou know

What I have thought, what fear’d, whilst thou wert  
absent,

Thou would’st not ask from whence these gather’d mists

That hover in my eyes, and now dissolve,

At sight of thee, and fall in dewy showers.

PHOCYAS.

No more, my charmer ; let us from this hour

Banish the gloomy leavings of our sorrow.

My joys, Eudocia, shall rekindle thine ;

For I, “ methinks, am rais’d to life immortal, &c.”

. . . . .



PHOCYAS.

" 'Twill surprise thee

" When thou shalt know—

EUDOCIA.

" What?

PHOCYAS.

Look on me, Eudocia!

Dost thou observe no change? Can'st thou not guess  
What means this turban on thy Phocyas' head?

EUDOCIA.

A lucky stratagem to pass unknown!

Bless'd be the hand that, thus disguising, help'd thee  
To work these deeds, and make thy name immortal!

PHOCYAS (looking earnestly at her.)

" O for a cause so lovely, so beloved,"

Sure 'tis no crime, or heaven will sure forgive it!

EUDOCIA.

" What dost thou mean?" What can it be, that thus  
With distant words thou labour'st to conceal?

Sure 'tis thy tendernefs, thy generous love,  
That fears to shock me with some mighty danger,  
Which scarce thou hast escap'd; but since thy life

Is

Is safe, delay no more to tell me all,  
And swell my present joy.

PHOCYAS.

How shall I tell thee?  
O why wilt thou not know me in this habit  
For what I am?—"To save my life? O no!"  
'Twere justly giv'n, had it been lost for thee—  
Nay, had I risk'd my soul to save Eudocia,  
Yet were it not too much.

EUDOCIA.

"It cannot be.—  
"And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale!  
"Why dost thou shake?—Alas! I tremble too,"  
Nor dare enquire that which thou dar'st not utter.  
"I'll not 'allow' a thought that thou could'st do  
"One act unworthy of thyself, &c."

PHOCYAS.

"Alas! thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,  
"To error born; and who that's man is perfect?"  
'Tis past, and——

EUDOCIA.

"Ha!

PHOCYAS.

I am no more a Christian.

EUDOCIA.

EUDOCIA.

Then it is past indeed !

[They look at each other for some time in confusion ; after which, EUDOCIA turns away and covers her face.]

PHOCYAS (after a pause.)

Eudocia, why,  
Why dost thou turn, and hide thy face thus from me ?  
Have I a thought of comfort but in thee ?  
Look on me—speak—Nay, frown upon, and chide me,  
Say any thing, and drive me to distraction,  
For O ! I can no longer bear thy silence.

EUDOCIA.

Speak thou some comfort first—recall thy words,  
Thy fatal story—Quickly say 'twas feign'd,  
To try the utmost I could bear and live.  
Was it ?—Thou'rt dumb—there is no comfort left.

PHOCYAS.

Yes, there is all in thee, if—

EUDOCIA.

O !

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

What means  
That piercing look, and what that fobbing figh?

EUDOCIA.

Is't possible, that ev'n the fight of thee  
Should wound me more than thy late dreaded absence?

PHOCYAS.

Am I then grown so hateful to thy eyes?  
Hold yet my heart ! (aside.)

EUDOCIA.

O what, what hast thou told me?  
Think what thou art, if thou'rt no more—  
I cannot speak it, horror choaks my voice.  
“ Are these the terms” accurs'd “ on which we  
“ meet, &c.” \*

PHOCYAS.

“ Ha ! Lightning blast me !—Strike me  
“ Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward.”  
Art thou Eudocia, that kind gentle fair,  
Who us'd with smiles to lull each anxious thought ?  
“ Are these my hop'd for joys? &c.” \*

\* The conclusions of these two speeches agree with those in the printed copy.

EUDOCIA.



EUDOCIA.

What welcome can I give, or thou receive\*?  
O! "thou hast blasted all our joys for ever,  
" And cut down hope, like a poor short-liv'd flower,  
" Never to grow again"—Art thou not sworn  
A foe to Christians? Am not I a Christian?

PHOCYAS.

Is this to be a foe, to give up all  
To call thee mine? Yet now thou dost upbraid me

\* Instead of this line, in the printed copy,

Had'st thou not help'd the foes of Mahomet  
To spread their impious conquests o'er thy country,  
What welcome was there in Eudocia's power  
She had with-held from Phocyas? But alas!  
'Tis, "thou hast blasted, &c."

To which PHOCYAS replies,

" Cruel Eudocia!"  
If in my heart's deep anguish, I've been forc'd  
Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?  
" Think of the cause"—

Eudocia's answer to this (p. 305) according to the original plan is dictated by a just and honest indignation, but in the altered copy far exceeds the bounds of reason, and is very improperly addressed to one whose "faith" is still "unspotted," and who may rather be said to have saved, than betrayed, his country.

With

With what I am for thee—"cruel Eudocia!

"Think of the cause——

EUDOCIA.

"The cause? there is no cause!  
 "Not universal nature could afford  
 "A cause for this; what were dominion, pomp,  
 "The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,  
 "The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,  
 "If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,  
 "Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,  
 "And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,  
 "Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?"

PHOCYAS.

What is that virtue heaven no longer owns?  
 Why do the Christian banners fly the field?  
 What puts their numerous hosts to shameful flight?  
 What conquers all their towns?—Alas! Eudocia,  
 Hast thou no doubts? Is this heaven's favourite cause?  
 Why then by heaven deserted? Say, is not  
 The will divine obscure, and in thick clouds  
 Veil'd from the feeble eyes of human reason?

EUDOCIA.

O blind of soul!—'tis Christian guilt that arms

The foes of truth against its treacherous friends;  
Forfaking heaven, they are of heaven forsaken.

PHOCYAS.

“How shall I answer thee? &c.”

In EUDOCIA's next speech but one, instead of

—— — “But never, never,”

Can “I be made the curs'd reward of” treason,

“To seal thy doom, &c.”

Read

—— — “But never, never,”

So grant me mercy, heaven! will “I be made

“The curs'd reward of” black apostacy,

“To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league, &c.”

PHOCYAS.

“What league?—’tis ended—I renounce it—thus

[Kneels.

“I bend to heaven and thee\*”—O yet look on me.

EUDOCIA.

It cannot be—Are vows but solemn trifles,

\* After this, in the printed copy, follows immediately

—— — — “O thou divine,

“Thou matchless image, &c.” (p. 307.)

Made

Made and unmade, and to be kept or broken,  
 But as a wretched woman smiles or frowns?  
 Hast thou not sworn? Angels, and saints, and all  
 The host above, are witnesses against thee.  
 How wilt thou then blot out thy oath? How yet  
 Stand clear'd to those blest'd powers thou hast re-  
 nounc'd?  
 How make atonement to thy injur'd country?  
 O could all these forgive thee, we might yet  
 Perhaps be happy in each others love——

PHOCYAS.

We might? We may, we will—"O thou divine,  
 "Thou matchless image, &c."

In PHOCYAS's last speech,

After

"Return, return and speak it, say for ever!—

Insert

I dare not follow her—Methinks I see  
 Celestial guards stand ready to oppose  
 My steps, and, frowning, shake their swords of flame,  
 To drive me out from bliss!—  
 "She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives, &c"



In ACT IV, SCENE the last,  
[Which in the printed copy is the first scene of act v,]

In one of DARAN's speeches, instead of  
" That's well. And yet I fear  
" Abudah's" Christian friend—

Read

" That's well. And yet I fear  
" Abudah's" motley convert,

CALED.

If possible,  
He should not know of this; no, nor Abudah;  
He is a very hermit of the war.  
See thou the troops refresh'd, and when the sun  
Shall from the west, declining, faintly shine,  
Draw up our Arab horse without the gates.  
We'll " quickly make this thriftless conquest good;  
" The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for  
" blood.

[*Exeunt,*

ACT

ACT V.

In the SCENE between PHOCYAS and CALED,  
CALED (entering.)

" So—Slaughter do thy work ! " The birds of prey  
Will scent thee soon, and yet, ere night comes on,  
Shadow this valley with a living cloud.

—" These hands look well, &c."

.....

CALED.

" Promise ?—Infotence !

" 'Tis well, 'tis well—For now I know thee too.

" 'Thou double " renegade, thou twice a " trai-  
" tor !

" False to thy first and to thy latter vow,  
For still thy mongrel soul is half a Christian !

" Villain, &c."

At the end of the last SCENE but one,

ARTAMON.

" See where Eumenes comes ! What's this ? He seems

" To

"To lead" along "some wounded" Saracen  
Of better rank. Let's stand aside, and mark them\*.

\* In the printed copy it is

————— "He seems  
"To lead some wounded" friend—Alas! 'tis—

END of VOL. I.



